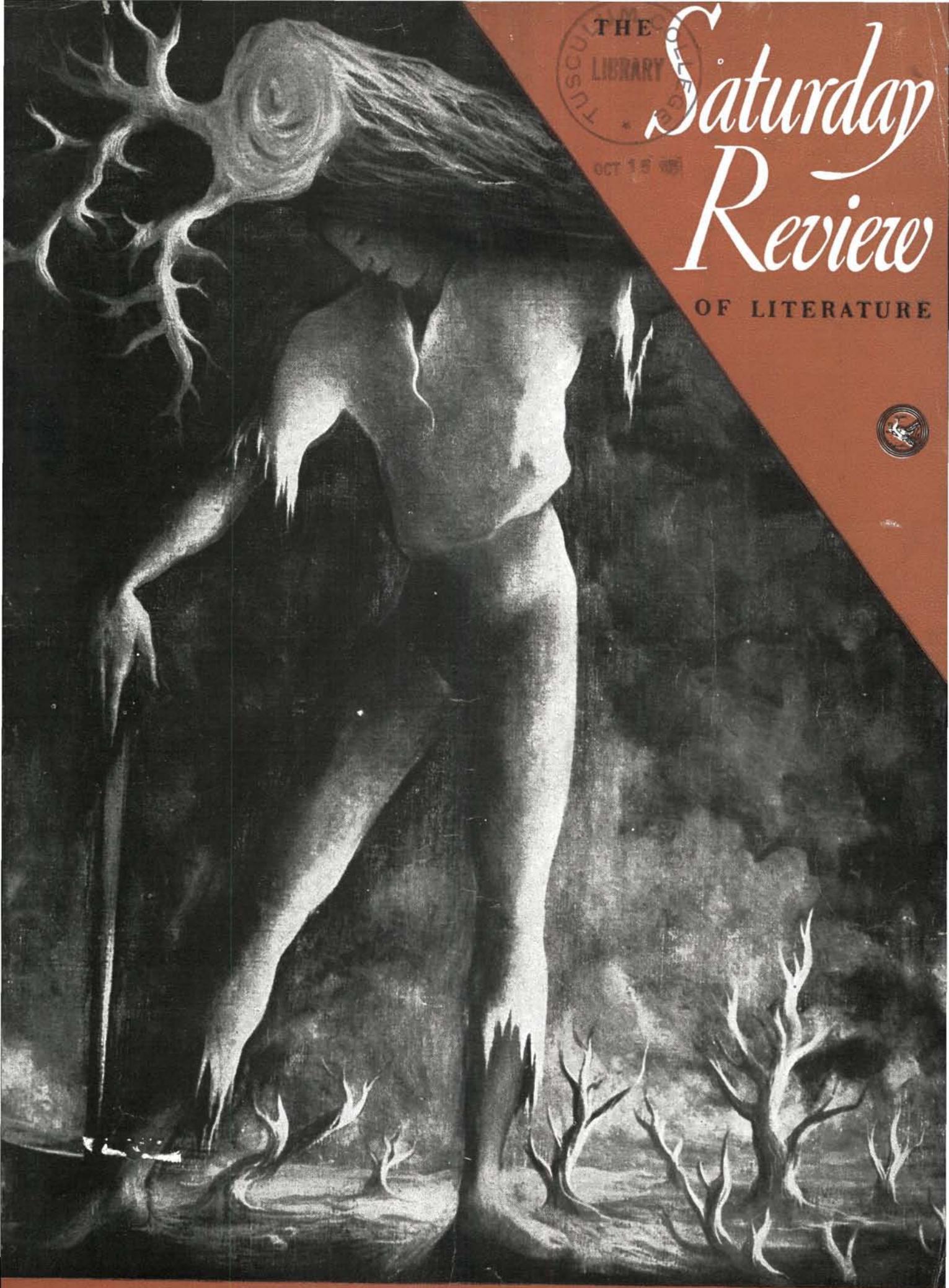

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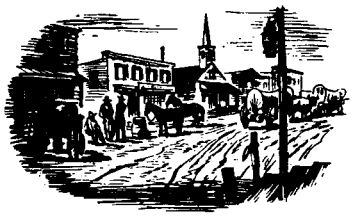

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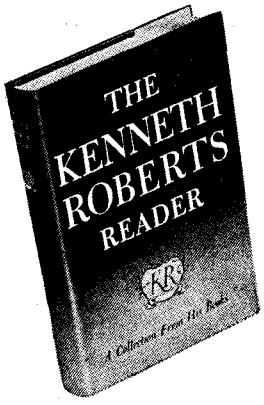

For readers who have never known the dramatic excitement of a Roberts novel or the salty briskness of one of his biting essays, this handsome book will provide a cordial introduction to one of America's most satisfying authors. And it is a discovery for every Roberts enthusiast, since it includes one essay never before published in book form. 480 pages, $3.00

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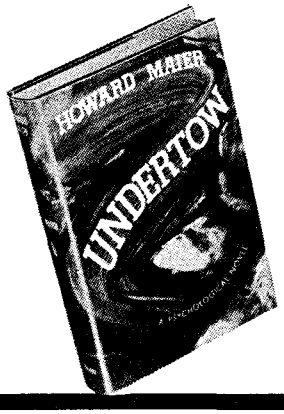

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From THE STORY OF THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

EVERY DAY more and more men are returning from the armed services to their desks and their jobs. Whenever we get to wondering whether the publishing of books will still be important to men who have been under fire and through the bitter realities of war, we remember the letter we received from our sales manager while he was on foreign service. It came from France, and it shows that the world of books has a deep hold on the loyalties and imaginations of the people who work in and for it.

I have thought of you at the Company frequently since coming to France. Among the things I have been thinking about especially is the framed broadside we have in the office. You know, the one that starts "The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man . . ." Here in France people have been deprived not only of books but also denied the right to create books. The Germans knew well enough that you can't burn books to death; they always come to life again in another heart, another mind or another time. The thing would be to keep people from writing books in the first place, but this nobody has ever been able to do. You probably know about the activities of the clandestine presses in France during the occupation; how men and women were beaten and burned and starved for writing and publishing books on how they felt about the Nazi ideology and the Nazi state. Well, since last August writers and publishers here have of course been free to write and print as they choose, but they have pitifully little paper—there aren't going to be any best sellers for a long time. The thing I want to tell you about most, though, is the first two books I saw.

One was by a man who had lain stunned outside the church at Oradour-sur Glane while his family and neighbors were roasted to death inside. It was a short book that started with a description of how warm the sun was on the houses of the little town the day the Germans came, and how quiet the streets and fields were before the shooting, and the burning, and the screaming started. The writer wanted people to know what that day was like. He wanted it to be a permanent part of recorded civilization. Somewhere he found a printer with enough type; somehow he and the printer got enough paper to print a few hundred copies. Now it is the way he wanted it, that day is a part of all history and of all men. No past or future Gestapo could ever find and destroy every copy of even a printing as small as that.

The other book was about a certain day, but a different sort of day. You probably remember that one company of the 82nd Airborne dropped on a small village named Ste. Mere Eglise at H hour minus something on D day. The village had taken a lot of bombs but there were Germans still there. Three days later very little was left either of the town or the paratroopers, and nothing at all of the German garrison. Later that fall, when what crops there were had been harvested, Ste. Mere Eglise had a sort of informal Thanksgiving day. The villagers managed to find a few of the troopers who had come to them on D day and the whole town took the day off for a picnic. They showed the troopers around pointing out new walls and new roofs. They said building materials were pretty hard to come by but they were doing all right so they weren't worried. Outside the town on the long picnic tables there were steaks and beet greens, pommes frites, yellow Normandy butter and ripe Camembert. The wine was new but nobody minded that because what was in their hearts was as old as time. So there had to be a book about this day too. Not a big book and certainly not a large edition, but the day meant something very special to the people of Ste. Mere Eglise. They wanted to have that day to keep, so they put it in a book. . . .

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Writers: Enemies of Social Science

The Struggle Against the Encroachment of Scientific Methods

LYMAN BRYSON

WRITERS of all kinds of literature are the enemies of social science. That enmity is dangerous now when all of us, including the writers, are turning to social scientists for help in meeting a crisis in human affairs that physical scientists have brought on. The physicists and chemists and mathematicians have unloosed the atomic power. Social scientists are being commanded now to do their part and tell us how calculated destructiveness can be controlled.

Most poets are in awe of physics, or of their own image of the physicist's ideas. But writers whose primary aim is the expression of thought and emotion in artistic forms, poets, novelists, and critics, are at war to prevent the study of human behavior from taking on the same qualities as have made science out of the study of other natural phenomena. Much of the warfare is instinctive. Few of the writers who will make no effort whatever to comprehend social science know their own motives, although these motives are good examples of the subtle springs of human action that artists take such pride in understanding.

I was at dinner the other night with some writers of considerable distinction. The subject of social science came into the conversation. One man, whom I much admire as a person and whose historical writing has given him a place in American literature, used the word "sociologist" as an epithet. When I was nettled and protested, he replied that Aristotle had said all that can be said about sociology. My answer was that Aristotle's sociology was about on a par with his physics. Amid murmurs of disapprobation we went on to other subjects. The disapprobation was for me, not for Aristotle.

Thinking it over afterward and realizing again the fineness of mind and generosity of spirit of my friend, I was moved to wonder why this sort of thing was so common among "literary" people. As far as our exchange was concerned, a little after reflection showed that we were both right in a way. It is true that Aristotle was the first in Western thought to define and exemplify the approach to knowledge that we now call scientific. The Stagirite was scientific about everything, except himself, and all this in our modern sense of scientific. If I may define it, science is the description of directly or indirectly observable phenomena wherein the entities described and the terms of description are given arbitrary precision and wherein the purpose is prediction of future events. Aristotle knew the difference between science and mere thoughtful observation and he knew that any description of nature that can be used for predicting future events must have removed from it, in so far as that is possible, the color of the observer's personality. Aristotle was scientific but the science of sociology was yet to come.

Nobody, perhaps, and certainly not so wise and informed a person as my critic friend, would question the desirability or the possibility of thinking in this fashion about atoms or black-bellied fruit flies, or even perhaps about typhoid fever. But nearly any writer can give you a good many reasons why it is impossible in dealing with mobs, suicides, politics, or war.

This is no gauge of battle to prove that they are wrong. To the question, Can the study of human behavior be scientific in this fashion and to the degree that the study of other natural phenomena is scientific? the scientist's answer is, Let's try it and find out. Science is by definition a method that can be applied to any subject matter. Polemics may be fun but they are not usually fruitful. We can leave the explicit argument on these matters to able champions of the scientific point of view, such as Lundberg and Lasswell. They and their colleagues can also provide us with trials at scientific thinking on social questions. But, in the meantime, the social scientists ought to be getting less carping criticism from those who could be their friends and who now seek help.

WHY are writers the active enemies of social science? When one looks at the slow transformation of cultural forms the enmity is not surprising. It is natural. As a culture develops in complexity and richness, it develops also in the division of labor and social science would have to take away from the writers part of what the writers think is their job. The attainment of scientific thinking about ourselves, as persons, is one of the last stages in the development of the division of labor. It is not yet achieved in any real degree, but we can see it coming. It will come in spite of the fact that the writers resent encroachment unconsciously and resent with explicit scorn the use of any other methods than their own in dealing with what they think are their own peculiar questions. When it does come, this division of labor, writers in the forms of literature will not have lost anything but their claims to know the only valid kinds of description of human behavior.

We can attempt to state what the division of labor might be. The distinction between artist and scientist is difficult. The social scientist, if he exists, is dealing mostly with statistical truths and with the quantitatively expressed descriptions of the behavior of ideal or highly abstract entities. As a scientist, it is his business to make elaborate generalizations, summations of probability, and the tentative laws that science needs for its work. If he is a philosoph-

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ically trained scientist, he makes no claims as to Truth. There is a paradox here that we have not time to discuss but it is interesting to note that the scientist, who is generally sure in prediction, does not deal in truth but in operational definitions and tentative laws, whereas thinkers in other fields who have their chosen absolutes to work with are generally bad prophets.

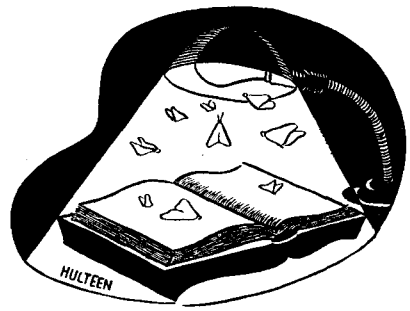
The scientist, right at the beginning of his operation, disappoints and alarms the artist because both deal in words and their attitudes towards words must be quite different. Artists—or perhaps since this is written in a pseudo-scientific spirit, I ought to give my own definition of artists to match the definition of scientist. The word "artist" is here used to designate one who conveys emotion by means of design. This is the essence of fine art, to convey emotion by means of design. Obviously, most artists do a great deal more than this, conveying emotion also by direct representation and by immediate appeal to the senses and they convey, by all their inventions, much more than emotion, extra valuable baggage in ideas, judgments, and information. But his share of the labor as artist is to convey emotion.

Literature, of course, is more than the writings of the practitioners of fine art. It always has been, probably always will be a much wider category of human communication. It is a vast matrix, the undifferentiated mass of human expression by one kind of symbol system. Out of it, as the division of labor has developed, have been carved philosophy, much of religion, much of the "physical sciences," even. Homeric epics were partly divided into religion and philosophy and science by Plato. The modern social scientist is only a late comer to the ancient hunting ground. But he brings his own weapons and hunts new game.

THE literary artist, in so far as he is at the moment practising his business, uses words for their suggestiveness, their color, the wide possibilities of partial understanding. It is absurd to suppose that a communication between an artist and one of his appreciators is ever exact or ever limited to that small area of real experience they may have in common. The artist's words are symbols to the appreciator of the appreciator's own experience and they evoke out of him only what his own experience and nature provide. This is not to say that the artist does not have a meaning; on the contrary, he has many meanings, overlaid and intertwined patterns of meanings, and his words are signals from his private world to the private world of those who enjoy his work. An artist is many things to many men.

As a matter of fact, although this again is a digression, it is interesting to note that the greatest artists in words are often notably deficient in the power of abstract thought. This is not what makes them interesting but it surely does not detract from our appreciation of their writings since it is involved in their complex emotional and sensitive temperaments. Tolstoy is an excellent example and we can cite him without making invidious remarks about living novelists.

The scientist by contrast has to deal with words, not as the natural growths of man's symbolizing power, but as arbitrary symbols. So, naturally, much of the hostility of literary people for social science is expressed in criticism of what is called "jargon." Although writers are specialists in language, none of them will bother to think about the problems of terminology faced by the social scientist.



In the development of any science, there comes a time when ordinary words will no longer do the work. The ordinary word has too many meanings. The scientist must have a symbol that will mean, in so far as this is possible, precisely the same thing to anyone who uses it in the scientific context. Such words are practically non-existent in ordinary language. Ordinary language is made up of words of vague, complex, multiple, and oblique meanings. The literary artist is very seldom, if ever, interested in reducing the semantic load of his tools. As has been quite adequately shown by Richards, he gets his effects far better by reason of multiple meanings. The social scientist cannot use, as the artist does, the language of everyday speech for the statement of a proposition of scientific importance.

This, I would like to say in passing, is not the same thing as "writing good English." No one could well defend the heavy and ugly writing in which so much of our scientific thinking is expressed but when the critic complains about bad writing, he is not getting at the root of the matter. It is still true that the scientist cannot put into the ordinary loose and "well understood" words a proposition that is to him of any importance.

Which shall he choose to do? Take ordinary words and give them arbitrary precision and singleness of meaning? Or invent new words? In either case, he is in trouble with the practitioners of literature. If he uses common words with special meanings, he is scolded for his presumption. If he uses newly invented words, the cry of jargon is a swelling chorus. It does him no good at all to point out that he is only following timidly in the footsteps of the scientist who deals in physical matter, in so-called physical facts.

THE literary critic does not read papers in biology or physics because he does not know what the authors are talking about and he makes no claim whatever that they ought to be intelligible to him when he will not take time to learn the vocabulary. But the social scientist is dealing with exactly the same material that the literary artist claims for himself, the behavior of human beings. The artist's own statements are, in his own opinion, "true." That they cannot be true in his sense and also precise in the scientific sense is a fact that he finds distasteful. He believes in what he calls insight, not in statistics. Insight is, no doubt, a way of perception of great value and of very ancient use. Insight can give us sympathy, understanding, and, when used by an artist, can enlighten and inspire. Statistics are dull but more reliable. Jargon, or special vocabulary, can convey precisely the same meanings, for operational purposes, to a great many different minds. Scientists can get on with common words arbitrarily defined. For example, the biologist arbitrarily uses the word "organizer." Or they can learn precise signification for a set of made words like electron, neutron, gas.

It would be more than an act of charity, indeed it would justify the literary critic's claim to special knowledge, if he would give some help to the scientist in his dilemma, instead of scolding. The social scientists who want to be scientific believe that we can have scientific description of human behavior and trustworthy predictions in the scientific sense only as we build adequate taxonomic systems for observable phenomena and symbolic systems for the manipulation of ideal and abstract entities. The problem might be solved by a curt notice to the literary critic that he should never try to read social science anyhow, any more than he tries to read the journals of genetics or molecular physics. But that, besides being impolite, would probably be useless, because literary people are quite properly interested in everything that deals with humanity. It would be far better, if he could, for him to understand how the scientist must do his work.

However, the general problem can-

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not be entirely solved by straightening out this matter of words. Those who claim insight will still be jealous of those who trust statistics and accumulations. This is a natural jealousy, not only because of encroachment but because we have lived so many centuries in which literature was the only wise and rational comment on human action. Aristotle knew what science was but he still put no sociological content in a scientific way. And for twenty centuries and more after Aristotle's time, all the wise, rational, and serious thinking about men and their relations with each other, about societies and their destiny, was in literature. The whole lore and treasure by which our spirits are shaped are in those poems and plays and stories.

All that the social scientists now emerging can claim is that piety does not require us to go on forever depending wholly on an institution because it has sustained us in the past, and that this applies to literary psychology and literary sociology quite as well as to other institutions. Literary psychology (the term is Santayana's, not mine) can be practised as long as there are competent writers interested in serious speculation about the workings of the mind. Scientific psychology is becoming something quite different. We can avoid the arguments as to whether Freud was scientist or poet, but we cannot get very far in a psychology that will stand the final test of trustworthy prediction if we call Racine a psychologist or expect Thorndike to be a poet.

Living men, of course, are mixed. It should not be necessary to say this but doubtless it is; all men are poets and all men are scientific but we are trying here to describe man *qua* scientist, not man *qua* man. We can well leave that to the philosophers. All we knew about mankind up to a few generations ago was literature. What we know about mankind in the future will probably be in literature too. If important parts of this knowledge exists also in the form of scientific propositions, the division of labor will have been achieved.

There is one further obstacle, however, that needs to be talked about, and here the attitude of anyone seeking truth in judgments on human action is compelled to be severe with literary craftsmen. Writers themselves, and the critics and appreciators of writers, constantly make a mistake that is likely to be unfortunate for the appreciators of literature and fatal to any sound learning about human beings. The mistake is to confuse expressive power with dependable knowledge. There are easy examples of expressive power without much knowledge. Victor Hugo's talent in verse will do for one. And there are, of course, examples of powerful expression weighted with powerful thought. In English, the work of Hobbes or Donne would serve as example. But, if one can say it without *lese majesté,* there are many passages in the writings of great poets, and even great philosophers, that are profoundly moving and that seem to be profoundly informing, whereas they are as false as they are beautiful. Does it make the point to say that they may be great literature in spite of being false but that by this test any scientific statement would be valueless? Expressive power, by any theory of esthetics, is part of what makes an artist great. Only in the opinions of other artists and in his own mind does it make any artist infallible.

GOING back to Tolstoy, we can safely call him one of the greatest artists who ever lived. But he wrote, in his tremendously expressive way, a number of volumes that are by the standards of abstract thought mere nonsense. Evidently, a great novelist may or may not be a profound thinker. It is very hard to get artists to admit this distinction since their expressive power is their chief gift and they want as much authority in the world as they can possibly get. I have no intention here of questioning the validity of what is called artistic truth but only to say that artistic truth and scientific propositions are quite different things, serving different uses, coming out of different processes and attainable in general by different kinds of minds.

It would be unreasonable to expect that artists, being self-centered and lyrically gifted people, could accept quietly the scientist's invasion. There is little comfort, perhaps, but there ought to be some in the fact that the scientist, as he becomes more and more scientific, writes necessarily more and more for a special audience. He cannot, like the artist, make his own audience. He is not working for appreciation but for operational validity.

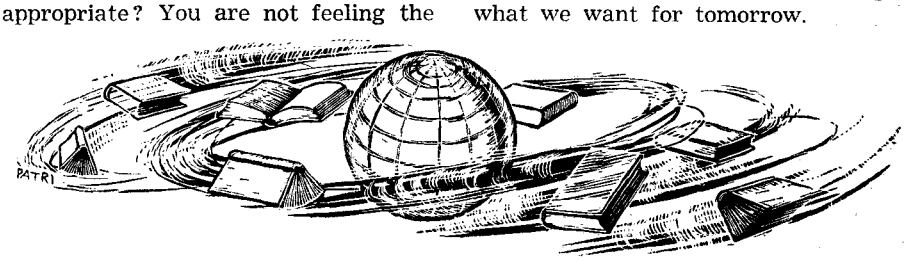
After the social scientists will come, whatever we call them, the social engineers and their work is the rational control of human behavior. Some of those who criticize the scientific, the abstract, and highly generalized propositions on human behavior that make science, and thus may lead to prediction and mastery, are like those who would say to a physician, "But how can your remedy be adequate or appropriate? You are not feeling the pain or the nausea. At the moment, at the very moment of this sickness, which you say you are trying to cure, it is only pain and nausea that I can feel. They are the real me. Can you cure something else than the real me?" And the doctor wisely replies, "My chance of curing your sickness is only in the fact that I do not and cannot feel the sickness that dominates your world and your idea of yourself. It is by abstracting for observation some things about yourself that you are not now, or possibly ever aware of, that I can get at your disease."

Poets have never liked doctors.

If the poets could see how much the importance of their own work is enhanced by the services of the scientists rather than diminished they might be glad that certain tasks are taken from them. They can be thankful that certain tasks, in very specialized forms, are now in the hands of specialists or soon will be. The scientist can describe the behavior of human beings in precise terms and predict future events. The engineer can take this theoretical knowledge and make applications of it in control, since all science is ultimately for the purpose of mastery. But mastery itself is only the instrument of other purposes. Where do we get the aspirations and the goals to which a more rational society would undertake to go? Out of religious teachers, no doubt, and out of philosophers, but also in great measure out of the great world's literature which includes so much of religious and philosophic thinking and so much besides of human longing, of human hopes.

Scientific ideas are, of course, inventions. Ideas of value, ideas by which we live, by which life gets its meaning, are also inventions. The artist, as critic of life, is a critic of values and if he is great enough, he is creator, too. The truthfulness and honesty of his observations will be one of the things that gives him authority but his artistic authority comes from his power to express the revolt, the forward-striving, the development and the triumph of the human spirit in making good the ideals that great human beings can conceive.

And in the crisis of our times, in the peril of destruction let loose, we need the artist who understands our spirit and can call out our powers to work with the scientist who can manipulate the abstract signs of observable facts about ourselves to tell us how to get what we want for tomorrow.



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The Cult of the Robe

JEROME FRANK
Judge, United States Circuit Court of Appeals

IN the service of the American federal government, no one wears a uniform except members of the armed forces, postmen, elevator-starters and operators, and judges. The costumes of the servicemen, the mail-carriers, and the elevator-workers have utility. The robe of the judge is an antique garment, awkward, impractical, and, to the dispassionate eye, of no esthetic value. It is of a piece with the "Hear ye! Hear ye!" that opens court sessions, along with the quaint medieval Latin and the obsolete Norman French often incorporated in judicial opinions.

Robes and such court-house verbiage symbolize the notion that courts must preserve the ancient ways; that the past is sacred, and change, impious. According to this notion, what has heretofore been done must be right; improvements and experimentation in novelties are always unwise; the populace must never profanely seek to modify inherited customs and institutions. While this idea prevailed, the courts tended to frown upon the work of the legislatures. In innumerable decisions, the judges did what they could to whittle down new statutes, regarding them with ill-conceiled contempt as improper intrusions, as alien to the Common Law and presumptively wrong.

This attitude was anti-democratic. For our legislators, elected for relatively short terms, reflect popular views. The legislature is, par excellence, the democratic instrument. Yet many courts, overtly or unconsciously hostile to the democratic process, delighted in giving the words of a statute the narrowest possible meaning. In many instances, if two interpretations were possible, they chose the one that would frustrate the legislative purpose. Happily, of recent years, we see a new judicial attitude emerging. Many judges now give legislation proper consideration, interpret a statute in accord with the intention of the legislators, believing, not without cause, that the legislature is the voice of the people. Unfortunately, however, too many judges still resent legislation. Robe-ism is still too much with us.

Judicial conservatism, to be sure, should not be scorned. Tradition, it should be remembered, is the prime support of social stability. Like those of the single individual, the bulk of society's actions must be semi-automatic, for if every new act presented a crisis, a fresh problem, men would go mad. Tradition is economical, a saver of minds and time. It has been wisely said that, where no great principle is involved, "the trite way is generally the short way." Too, the trite way often means the sensible acceptance of old solutions; about taken-for-granted issues there is danger in raising too many questions at once. But an intelligent judiciary must be alert to differentiate between stability and paralysis. Not that the judiciary should itself avidly innovate. While "judge-made law" there has always been and will be, it should have a relatively narrow range. The matter is basically different, however,

when it comes to statutes. The Constitution sets wide bounds to legislation, and enactments that stay within those bounds wise judges will not frustrate. This is not a static age, nor ours a static people; rapid shifts in social and economic conditions require corresponding shifts in our laws. If we believe in democracy the courts must not be used to prevent democracy from working out new adaptations.Indeed, such an attempt often proves self-defeating. The notion that the courts will serve as a brake on change breeds irresponsible change. Our legislators too frequently turn out ill-considered laws, trusting the judges are not equipped.

The judge's vestments are historically connected with the deplorable desire to thwart democracy by means of the courts. Characteristically, democratic Thomas Jefferson opposed any distinctive judicial raiment for federal judges, while aristocratic Alexander Hamilton, his eye on the English mode, advocated both robes and wigs. Incidentally, as a federal judge, I am glad, when the mercury is high in the column, that Hamilton's judicial headgear lost out. In most state courts, however, the judges did not deck themselves out in the atavistic robe until the last decades of the nineteenth century—at a time when, significantly, conservative lawyers were hoping to utilize the courts as a bulwark against the rising Populist movement.

The judges are oracles of an impersonal higher law, a body of law absolute and infallible—so believed many who sponsored the judge's gown. Therefore, this garment of sacerdotal origin was appropriate, clothing its wearer with the dignity that befits the augur. Others, more skeptical of the law's divinity, nevertheless appreciated the public effect of priestly trappings. They were astute in this perception. In the minds of altogether too many persons the judicial garb with its priestly flutterings, inspires excessive awe. Hughes, as Secretary of State, was fallible; Van Devanter, as Solicitor for Interior, was not beyond criticism. But, clad in their solemn black silk, they automatically became, for most of the public, if not as sacred as Japan's Emperor, at least brushed with divinity.

OF course, no such change occurs in a man with the donning of a robe. At least in my case it didn't. When I woke up one morning a federal judge, I found myself just about the same person who had gone to bed the night before an S.E.C. Commissioner. My intimate acquaintance with judges confirms my impression that the robe works no major transformation. Public knowledge of that fact is all to the good. It is well, too, that a judge be himself aware of his own human foibles and prejudices: he will then be the better able to master them.

An American President or Senator has no garment to betoken dignity; if he has true dignity, all will know it. So of the man on the bench: If he deserves respect, he will receive it, although he be dressed in a business suit. But, unfortunately, the bigoted judge, the ignorant judge, can often effect a false show of dignity. The mediocre lawyer who has become a judge can avail himself of the robe to conceal his incompetence: The robe will cover up the man. Worse, his false pomp often nourishes pomposity, and he browbeats the laymen who appear before him. His robe, we say, gives him prestige. But remember that "prestige" derives from a word meaning delusion, and from the same root as "prestidigitator"—a sleight-of-hand performer who "puts things over" by trickery on his audience.

Long ago, Pascal sensed this fact. To compel respect for judicial decisions, "august apparel" is necessary, he wrote. Curiously enough, defend-

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ers of this judicial apparel cite Pascal as authority—forgetting to note that the philosopher added, "If magistrates had true justice," they would require no such paraphernalia. The Frenchman touched the nerve of the matter. The robe, as ceremonial costume, functions as part of a rite, and rites have deep roots in the tabu. An institution ritually protected by tabu is fenced off from the attack of critical reason. So the robe serves to shield the judges and their ways from rational inquiry. Unintelligibility, so anthropologists tell us, far from invalidating a rite, "positively supports it by deepening the atmosphere of mystery."

A "PRIESTLY tribe" some lawyers have called the judges. One legal writer has described them as persons into "whose hands are confided the ark of the covenant of our fathers." Tocqueville said that in America the legal profession constitutes an aristocracy, forming "the most powerful, if not the only, counterpoise to the democratic element," and that American judges have "the instincts of a privileged class"—and Tocqueville has been quoted with approval by many of our conservative lawyers. One such lawyer has written of "an inner Republic, formed of the Bench and Bar." To these anti-democratic legalists, the robe is a welcome symbol. It announces in impressive terms that the judge is a member of a caste at once mysterious and aristocratic.

The robe also gives the impression of uniformity in the decisions of the priestly tribe. Says the uniform black garment to the public mind: Judges attain their wisdom from a single, superhuman source; their individual attitudes never have any effect on what they decide. Patently that belief is delusional. Else no judge would ever write a dissenting opinion—a practice not of recent vintage, as many persons believe, but in the Supreme Court dating back to 1793, three years after that Court's creation.

Defending the American judicial robe, a distinguished American lawyer has said, "It has always been a custom in Great Britain for the judges to wear a wig and gown, and if in that country these adjuncts to dignity were laid aside the country would receive a jolt and look for the beginning of a revolution." A strange argument: Judges in America should dress themselves antiquely because an English revolution would occur if English judges cease dto do so. Moreover, that argument would logically require American judges to wear not only gowns but wigs, which none has done since the close of our American Revolution.

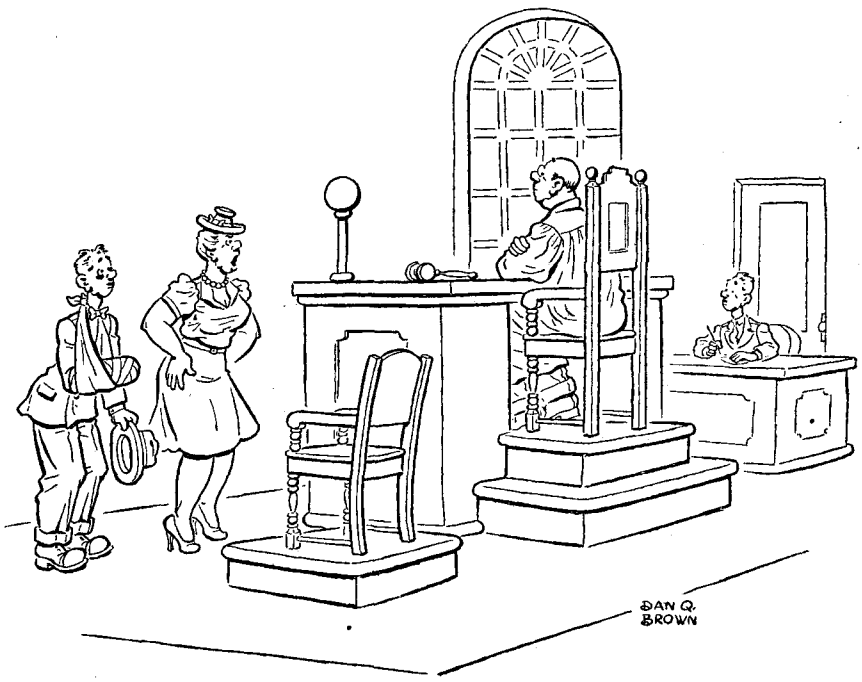
The story of the English judicial wig is illuminating. Until the latter part of the seventeenth century, wigs were not generally used in England. Then, imported from France where a bald king had created the vogue, they suddenly became popular. Each social class, except only the peasantry, adopted a distinctive type of wig: the clergy, the nobility, soldiers, lawyers, businessmen, coachmen. Early in the eighteenth-century reign of George III, the general fashion began to wane, but the professions still retained their uncomfortable headgear. Then the physicians and the military relinquished the style. At the coronation of William IV, the weather being hot, the king permitted the bishops to take off their wigs, which they never put on again. At present, the only persons in England to wear the strange headcovering are members of legal profession, the barristers and judges.

Lovers of antiquity will perhaps remark that I am captious. The judges' sartorial distinction, they will say, is but a harmless relic of the past—a pleasant romantic touch, like the open fireplace in a modern steam-heated house. But the robe is no mere romantic survival. It has adverse effects on the administration of justice. An ordinary man, unaccustomed to courthouse ways, is often disquieted by the strange garb of the judge and his elevation above the court-room throng. Called as a witness, the honest citizen may testify in a manner so constrained and awkward that he gives the impression of not telling the whole truth. For like reasons, the younger lawyers, instead of being properly impressed, are often made ill at ease. Recognizing those facts, the late Judge Julian Mack, one of our ablest federal judges, refused to wear a robe when presiding at a trial. He went even further, frequently holding trials in his chambers, where he sat at his desk on a level with the witnesses and lawyers. With the formal judicial trappings absent, he found that he could more quickly and easily get at the facts. This also has been the experience of the judges in the Domestic Relations Courts, and was indubitably my own when I participated in holding hearings as an S.E.C. Commissioner.

Unfortunately concealing as the robe is much of the esoteric judicial vocabulary. It is a fundamental democratic principle that no part of government should be secret, that the acts of all government officials should be made public, and should be understood, so far as possible, by the citizens. We have come a long way from the days of the English aristocracy, when it was a crime to publish Parliamentary debates. Today, except for a few "executive sessions," whatever is said in Parliament or in our own Congress is promptly disclosed. Similarly, almost all trials are public. Judicial secrecy and a free press cannot be reconciled. Therefore judges usually publish opinions, statements revealing their reasons for their decisions. The public, it is said, has the right to learn the grounds upon which cases are decided, and to evaluate their soundness. Yet much judicial reasoning is so worded that only lawyers can comprehend it.

As Sir Henry Maine noted many years ago, most English and American lawyers believe that the "law" belongs as much to the class of exclusively professional subjects as the practice of anatomy. The publicity given to judicial opinions will remain a good deal of a mockery as long as

(*Continued on page* 80)



"We've settled out of court, your honor!"

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Adventures in Starting a Literary Magazine

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I BEGAN my career as a literary journalist in old downtown New York. That was appropriate, for literature is a continuum with the old always present in the new. From my window in an office building on Vesey Street I looked down on the ancient churchyard and across to the eighteenth-century belfry of St. Paul's, now ringed about with towers still the highest in New York. Broadway roared a block away, and to mingle in the sidewalk crowds of bankers' clerks, financiers, and journalists brushed off the scholar's cobwebs and gave a useful sense of responsibility to a large and indifferent world. North a little way were the offices of all the great newspapers, except *The Times,* which had already gone up town, and down toward the North River were narrow dirty streets under the elevated viaducts, with hole-in-the-wall restaurants, incongruous slums under million-dollar office buildings, and tiny shops for everything from ship models, trout flies, typewriter ribbons, patent medicine, old books to betting on the races. The ancient publishing house of Harper's was not far off, entered into by a broad flight of iron steps to a great semicircle of desks, from which cold eyes seemed to be looking down at the nervous contributor as he carried up his manuscript. Over by the East River was Walt Whitman's favorite eating place, and if the masts were all gone from the waterfront, the sea must still blow in our windows, and the mournful blasts of liners' whistles were the undertones for the newsboys' shouts of extra, and the clatter of the elevators.

I had come to New York in 1920 to establish a literary supplement of high quality worthy of a long tradition for the old *New York Evening Post,* dean of American newspapers, but frequently regarded as a dean *emeritus.* Alexander Hamilton had founded the *Post* to represent conservative interests in the young republic, and his ghost still walked the corridors, though it had a curious way of looking more like Thomas Jefferson. For the *Post* became what the English call a conservative radical. It represented the vested interests when they behaved themselves, and was proud of having the best financial section in New York. It was liberal, and progressive up to the point where the existing order seemed to be threatened. It was probably the best written, certainly the most scholarly paper in America, and in its subconscious was an impulse deeper than thought to oppose the majority whenever and however it came to power. The *Post,* under a different ownership, had been anti-war up to 1917. We were still anti to most of the current political and economic movements except world order and the League of Nations. It was a magnificent, a high-minded, a deeply responsible paper, but it was about as popular as the president of the anti-saloon league. There could have been no better foundation on which to erect an independent, scholarly, and responsible review of literature and current books.

The *Evening Post* gave me my only experience of newspaper journalism, and taught me more about coöperative endeavor than I had ever learned in a university. For an established newspaper, with a tradition behind it, is a corporate being in which a dozen trades, professions, skills are inseparably bound together in a common enterprise. The editorial writer, whose specialties may be pure milk, municipal politics, or the Missouri Valley, becomes conscious of his dependence upon the hard-knuckled thugs who get the paper distributed. The head of a literary section must learn a good deal about printing or be helpless when he is told that type lice have eaten up his overset.

I found a newspaper as rich in eccentrics as a university, and stuffed with personalities. We had an absorbed editor who never knew that he was to become a father until they telephoned him from the hospital. We had a temperamental typesetter who burst into tears whenever there was too much copy at the last moment, and had to be comforted by the lady assistants. There were the series of promotion men, all big-fisted, high-hearted fellows, who banged on the table and then went out to spend $100,000 on promotion, with no appreciable results. The wise and humorous Simeon Strunsky was at the head of our editorial council. At the darkest moments he could make us believe in the inevitable survival of virtue. These were the boom days, when Thomas W. Lamont, who had taken over the paper and many of the staff from Oswald Garrison Villard, was abroad in affairs of the Peace, leaving his purse strings behind. He was a backer of good will and good wishes, never seeking his own advantage, and leaving us complete independence. I wish that before he left, he had taught us a little more about practical finance. There was too much belief on our staff in Tennyson's aphorism, "He needs must love the highest when he sees it." The larger public simply couldn't see the *Post,* even if it was bristling with high standards. So those bad times came when everyone from the editor, Edwin F. Gay, an honest and able man, though not newspaper-minded, down to the office boys, was made to feel that the *Post* was an institution more important than private welfare, and that we must save it—and for a while we did.

MY job in 1920 began in the boom days, but I was so accustomed to the parsimony of a university that it never occurred to me to ask for my share of the promotion money being spent so lavishly. My task was to organize a *Literary Review* to be published with the Saturday paper as a supplement—and when we came to the first printing, that was what we called it. Both time and place were propitious.

Before our regime, *The Nation* had been an organ of the *Post,* but it had declined into stodginess relieved only by occasional critical essays of great worth, written by the old guard, where erudition, however, did not always make up for their lack of contact with the oncoming age. It used to be told of *The Nation* of that day that it reviewed the Christmas gift books of one year in the following November. I doubt whether it mattered. *The Times* and *The Tribune* had fallen into the same rut together. Their leading articles on important books were competent and well written, but

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too often were designed to show how much more the critic knew about the subject than did the author. The book itself was burned by the review, and sometimes had no resurrection. The rest of the columns were entrusted to reviewers who could be trusted not to say anything unpleasant. I hoped to kindle a new fire in these dry logs and brush heaps of criticism, and in addition I had my own private desire, which was to bring to the interpretation of new books for the intelligent reader the service of the erudition and trained thinking of scholarship in the universities.

AND so I sharpened my pencil (a tool much more dear to me than pen or typewriter), organized my editorial staff, and set to work. Miss Amy Loveman, one of the ablest, certainly the kindest, assuredly one of the most useful women in New York, was my associate. William Rose Benét, poet and critic, was my literary adviser, a man of mingled fire and honey, whose concern was every human interest except his own. In a cubicle next door to my office, puffing pipe smoke at the hinges, was the columnist of the *Post,* Christopher Morley,—a rusher in and out, bubbling ideas like a soda fountain, a wit, a wagster, an Elizabethan philosopher, with one of the few minds I have ever known that seemed to be continuously enjoying itself. Then I settled down to the first office job I had ever held, and though I could never learn to work happily in shirt sleeves and suspenders, and so was clearly not a congenital newspaperman, I spent engrossed and happy days.

Perhaps it is only in a small periodical in its formative years that one gets the sense of a gathering of a family of minds, so that when the magazine comes to maturity it has a personality of its own. Such a magazine was *Time* in its earliest years, when, for a while, our family group was associated with it. Such a magazine was this *Literary Review* of ours, which, if conceived in my brain, owned its vitality, and also its longevity (for the present *Saturday Review of Literature* is the same child grown up under another name) to a diverse group of like-minded editors. And it would seem that these earliest 1920's were by some literary astrology the right time for a corporate literary personality to be born. As I have said elsewhere, the columnists had been preparing an audience ready to support vitality and competence in either creative literature or in criticism. The success of a magazine like *The New Yorker* (born 1921) would have been impossible in, say, 1910. Whatever the cause, an editor who wished to give new books a chance to be read by the right people in the right way got plenty of support of the kind that cannot be bought.

This support came from the writers as well as from the audience. I was sure from past experience that if we gave good writers a chance to do what they wanted we should not (as indeed we could not) have to pay more than modest sums for their work. It is a fact that literary writing done for nothing is seldom good for much. Apparently the author who does not expect to be paid for his work loses his sense of audience and becomes too self-regarding. He writes just to please himself, which is a form of dilettanteism. But if a payment is established, the amount has little relation to the excellence of the product provided it is all the editor can afford to buy. The editor's problem is to get the writer to work for him on subjects possible for his periodical or publishing house. The professional author will not write better for twice the money for he cannot. A fat purse is useful to an editor only in buying talent away from other editors or in priming the pump of a lazy mind. But a fat purse means a large circulation behind it, which means that the writer gets more money but a diluted audience, for whom often, though not always, it is impossible for him to write on the themes that interest him most. That is the vicious—but inevitable—circle. Fortunately, we were not seeking fiction or sensational news articles —the most expensive varieties of magazine literature—and yet we got, with a few exceptions, what we wanted for what we were able to pay. What we lacked in cash, however, had to be made up by double duty in the search for the right man for an appealing opportunity.

We believed that a literary supplement of a newspaper, which, however excellent, was local to one city, should have a subscription which was national even though small, and got permission to circularize among the right people, and soon had 1000 to 10,000 subscribers strategically distributed all over the country. We believed that a literary magazine should be carefully composed as was good literature itself. Carl P. Rollins, the typographer, helped us with our lay-out, in which we began by breaking two journalistic traditions. The leading article had only a one-column head, balancing the editorial essay on the other side, and leaving the middle of the first page for a poem.

It was an audacious shifting of emphasis from the timely to attempts to present aspects of the eternal; and probably universal, for there was often as much, or as little, of the external in the leading article as in an editorial. But I still like to look at that old first page. And it did represent something deep in my mind, which was that criticism written for the general intelligent readers should be liberal in its definition. It should include humor and wisdom and beauty also, as well as fact-finding and theory. My review was supposed to revolve around two planetary centers, with orbits interweaving in a harmony: the one, books under review for which the leading article beat the big drum; the other literary, in which creative comment on aspects of life and literature, interspersed with cartoon, caricature, and enlightened gossip about the authors who made the books, would relate our estimates of success or failure in the bookshops, with the long vistas of literary history.

We spent three months, recruiting,

(Continued on page 83)

Song

By Edwin Rolfe

THERE is indeed now reason for rejoicing,
for risen is the sick child, red again his cheeks.
Look, he is heartier than his doctors: his eyes are
clearer, brow unwrinkled. Listen as he speaks
the language of small ones: tumbling are his words like
toy blocks, music-boxes, flowers falling, spilled
freely over the precious rug. Profusion of sound pours
from unformed lips but forming: his words cannot be spelled.

Take him up, hold him closely, high in air balance him.
Man, you live again! This is your youth's dreaming
clothed with life, careless, kicking, capable of great growth,
able to sustain you with a small smile, compensate
for million losses, million hopes unheard. Your son is
that moment which urges battle, before you surrendered.

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Coming Attractions on the Fall List

Some Samplings from the New Books

"A HISTORY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY"

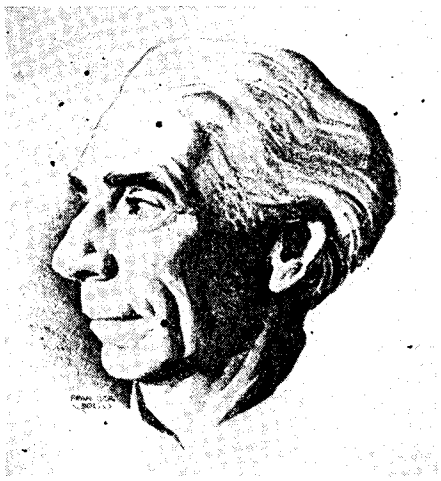
By Bertrand Russell
(October 19, Simon & Schuster)

PHILOSOPHY, throughout its history, has consisted of two parts inharmoniously blended: on the one hand a theory as to the nature of the world, on the other an ethical or political doctrine as to the best way of living.

The failure to separate these two parts with sufficient clarity has been a source of much confused thinking. Philosophers, from Plato to William James, have allowed their opinions as to the constitution of the universe to be influenced by the desire for edification: knowing, as they supposed, what beliefs would make men virtuous, they have invented arguments, often very sophistical, to prove that these beliefs are true. For my part I reprobate this kind of bias, both on moral and on intellectual grounds. Morally, a philosopher who uses his professional competence for anything except a disinterested search for truth is guilty of a kind of treachery. And when he assumes, in advance of inquiry, that certain beliefs, whether true or false, are such as to promote good behavior, he is so limiting the scope of philosophical speculation as to make philosophy trivial; the true philosopher is prepared to examine *all* preconceptions.

When any limits are placed, consciously or unconsciously, upon the pursuit of truth, philosophy becomes paralysed by fear, and the ground is prepared for a government censorship punishing those who utter "dangerous thoughts"—in fact, the philosopher has already placed such a censorship over his own investigations.

Intellectually, the effect of mistaken moral considerations upon philosophy has been to impede progress to an extraordinary extent. I do not myself believe that philosophy can either prove or disprove the truth of religious dogmas, but ever since Plato most philosophers have considered it part of their business to produce "proofs" of immortality and the existence of God. They have found fault with the proofs of their predecessors — Saint Thomas rejected Saint Anselm's proofs, and Kant rejected Descartes' —but they have supplied new ones of their own. In order to make their proofs seem valid, they have had to falsify logic, to make mathematics mystical, and to pretend that deep-seated prejudices were heaven-sent intuitions.



—From the drawing by Francisca Bolles

Bertrand Russell: ". . . a philosopher who uses his professional competence for anything except a disinterested search for truth is guilty . . . of treachery."

All this is rejected by the philosophers who make logical analysis the main business of philosophy. They confess frankly that the human intellect is unable to find conclusive answers to many questions of profound importance to mankind, but they refuse to believe that there is some "higher" way of knowing, by which we can discover truths hidden from science and the intellect. For this renunciation they have been rewarded by the discovery that many questions, formerly obscured by the fog of metaphysics, can be answered with precision, and by objective methods which introduce nothing of the philosopher's temperament except the desire to understand. Take such questions as: What is number? What are space and time? What is mind, and what is matter? I do not say that we can here and now give definitive answers to all these ancient questions, but I do say that a method has been discovered by which, as in science, we can make successive approximations to the truth, in which each new stage results from an improvement, not a rejection, of what has gone before.

In the welter of conflicting fanaticisms, one of the few unifying forces is scientific truthfulness, by which I mean the habit of basing our beliefs upon observations and inferences as impersonal, and as much divested of local and temperamental bias, as is possible for human beings.

"THE LIFE OF THE HEART"

By Frances Winwar
(October 22, Harpers)

CHOPIN was guided by his prejudices even in the choice of his acquaintances, and surrounded himself with people who afforded the only milieu in which he felt at home. He was a favorite with women whose company he preferred to the competitive society of men. But even they had to be of a certain class. His engagement books sparkled with names of princesses, baronesses, countesses.

He could not have been better framed to awaken the idolatry of women. Without Liszt's beauty, he had a fragility that immediately made its appeal to their protectiveness. Slight, of medium height, he carried himself with a grace like his own music. His brown eyes gave an effective contrast to the transparency of his skin and the ash blond of his hair. His nose had an aristocratic curve and the thin nostrils of a consumptive. He wore his hair long, meticulously curled but always with a touch of artistic disarray. He usually dressed in gray, and he was careful to choose the same tone for his wallpaper. It harmonized with his personality and formed a gentle background for the flowers that always filled his rooms. He seldom bought them, for he had many ladies visiting him in the course of the day, each with her floral offering. In his manner he observed an impeccable courtliness which complimented them without compromising him. It was enough for them if he touched their fingertips with his slim, delicate hand, of a beauty always associated with the musician's but so seldom met with in life.

In the face of the disparity between George Sand and Chopin, it is remarkable that they should have been even superficially attracted to each other. Still, there were many points of contact. Though not a countess, George Sand might have had justifiable claim to Polish royal blood. As the queen of French novelists she held undisputed title, and Chopin, with his obsessive perfectionism in his own work, respected achievement in others. He was drawn to her also by her capacity for silence, her complete receptivity to his music which she seemed to absorb through her whole being, focused in looks of unfathomable depth. Unlike the members of his female circle, she showed no effusiveness after his play-

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ing, yet her stillness held greater praise than their chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs," sung out with uplifted eyes. Chopin himself was undemonstrative and talked hardly at all.

As for George, Chopin possessed all the necessary prerequisite to engage her emotionally. He was young, weak, suffering and a genius. Her lover, Mallefille, had only his youth to recommend him. Following her break with Michel, she experienced a sudden revulsion against the masterly male and, as always when her emotions were spent, she turned to nature. Often she would rise before daybreak and, mounting a horse, gallop wildly across the country. Or she would tramp for miles alone, "herborizing," her specimen knapsack slung across her shoulders and a net in her hand. In the hot noons she would plunge fully dressed into the river and then lie on the grass till the sun had dried her. At home she communed with her alter ego, Dr. Piffoël, endeavoring in her journal to make order out of confusion.

In summing up her life in the autumn of 1837, she questioned Piffoël on inconsistencies of behavior. "Do you remember your gloom of three months ago? Meanwhile you've revisited the rocks of Franchard (at Fontainebleu) —and with whom? You've looked again on the peak of Marbore—under what circumstances? Now you've come home again. . . . Whom will you love? Whom will you hate? Next month, next year, tomorrow?" She had seen the places associated with Musset and Aurélien in the company of Mallefille. Musset was nothing but a shadow, Aurélien a figment of her memory. Yet how intensely she had loved them, in their time. What was this inconstancy in her? How could she allow herself again and again to be so self-deceived? "Anyone looking superficially on my life might think me either a fool or a hypocrite. But whoever examines it below the surface must see me as I really am—easily moved, carried away by love and beauty, eager for truth, mistaken in judgment, often preposterous, but always sincere."

She omitted one thing in her evaluation, the overpowering attraction she felt for the weak. . . . Her love of the weak was a projection of her strongest instinct, the maternal. It was called forth more strongly than ever when Chopin entered upon the scene.

Knowing her tendency, she had fought against the attraction at first. Chopin was suffering over his love for someone else. Yet the fact that he suffered was in itself an allurement. . . . He summoned moods of poetic revery which moved them both to the depths.

"THE DIARIES OF TCHAIKOVSKY"

By Pëtr Ilich Tchaikovsky

(November, W. W. Norton)

WHEN one reads the autobiographies of our great people or recollections about them, one constantly encounters feelings, impressions, and artistic sensitivity frequently experienced by oneself and fully understandable. But there is *one man* who is not understood; unattainable, he is alone in his inscrutable greatness. That is L. N. Tolstoy. Not infrequently (especially after drinking) I am inwardly angry at him, almost despise him. Why, I think to myself, has this man, knowing, as no one else does or ever did before him, how to attune our souls to the highest and most wonderfully harmonious pitch; a writer on whom was freely bestowed from above the power, never before bestowed on anyone, to make us of meager intellect comprehend the most impenetrable recesses of our secret moral being—why has this man become addicted to *teaching,* to a *mania for preaching and for the enlightenment* of our obscured or limited minds? Formerly, from his description of the most simple and everyday scene, an unforgetable impression was created. Between the lines one read a kind of highest love toward mankind, a highest *pity* toward its helplessness, limitations, and insignificance. One would weep, not knowing why. . . . Because for a moment, through his intermediary, one came in contact with a world ideal in its absolute goodness and humanity. . . . Now he annotates his texts; claims the exclusive monopoly of understanding questions of faith and ethics (or whatsoever); but from all his present writings there blows a cold wind; one senses a *fear* and feels vaguely that he, too, is *human* . . . that is, one who is involved in questions about our destiny, without the meaning of life, about God and religion; as irrationally presumptuous and, at the same time, as insignificant as some ephemeral insect, that arrives at noon on a warm July day and, at evening, ends its existence.

The former Tolstoy was a demigod—the present one, a *priest.* But priests are essentially *teachers, by a role they have taken upon themselves, and by virtue of a vocation.* And yet, I am not resolved to pass judgment upon his new activities. Who knows? Perhaps it should be so, and I am simply not capable of understanding and evaluating appropriately the greatest of all artistic geniuses, who has changed from the calling of a novelist to that of a preacher.

WHEN I became acquainted with L. N. Tolstoy, I was seized with fear and a feeling of embarrassment before him. I imagined that this great explorer of hearts, with one glance, would penetrate into all the secrets of my soul. Before him, I imagined, one could not successfully conceal all the rot existing in the depths of the soul and display only the pleasant side. If he is good I thought (and such he *must be* and is, of course), then he would delicately and gently, like a doctor examining a wound and knowing all the painful places, avoid hurting and irritating them; but in the same way, would also make me feel that nothing is hidden from him; that if he is not particularly merciful, he will poke his fingers directly in the center of the pain. I was awfully afraid of one and of the other. But neither one nor the other happened. The profound explorer of hearts in his works—turned out, in his relations with people, to be a simple, pure, sincere character, disclosing extremely little of that *omniscience* I had feared. He did not *avoid hurting* but also did not *cause* intentional pain. It was obvious that he did not see in me an object for his researches—but simply wanted to chat a little about music, in which, at that time, he was interested. Incidentally, he liked to *disavow* Beethoven and frankly expressed doubts about his genius. This trait is not at all characteristic of great people; to reduce to one's own *incomprehension* a genius acknowledged by all *hension,* a genius acknowledged by all is a characteristic of *limited people.*

Perhaps never in my life, however, was I so gratified and my creative ambition so touched as when L. N. Tolstoy, sitting beside me and listening to the andante of my first string quartet, burst into tears.

—Newsbureau

Frances Winwar tells the love story of Chopin and George Sand.

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"THE STORY OF WOODROW WILSON"

By Ruth Cranston

(November, Simon & Schuster)

AT last came the momentous day when Wilson was to present the finished Constitution to the Peace Conference. The meeting was held in the Room of the Clock at the French Foreign Office.

Under the imposing timepiece from which that chamber takes its name the heads of the Commissions sat at a long table. The other delegates occupied seats in the center of the room. At the far end, facing the clock and the conference table, heavy red brocaded curtains concealed a small alcove. In this alcove, though most of the Conference did not know it, the wife of the President looked on, as every eye in the room centered on her husband.

Quiet and assured, he stood there, giving a sense of steady power: the power of a man who has come to the hour for which he was born, and who is ready for it. In his hand he held a copy of the draft Covenant.

"Mr. Chairman, I have the honor and I esteem it the very great privilege of reporting in the name of the Commission constituted by this conference on the formulation of a plan for the League of Nations. I am happy to say that it is a unanimous report . . . from the representatives of fourteen nations."

He then read the Articles of the Covenant, looking out upon a league of nations there before him as he spoke: Portuguese and Australians, Brazilians and Chinese, Czechs and New Zealanders; olive-skinned men from Syria, amber-skinned Mongolians, ruddy-cheeked Britishers, windtanned Arabs, fresh-faced Canadians and Americans: all watching him intently, expectantly.

And beyond them that "great cloud of witnesses" of which he was always conscious: those thousands and millions who had looked to him during these anxious months and years, who were counting on him not to fail them.

He spoke of the general Assembly and organization of the League—all the different kinds of help and cooperation it offered. He spoke of the clause for helping the laboring people of the world—"people who go to bed tired and wake up without the stimulation of a lively hope" . . . these people will be among the wards of the combined governments of the world, drawn into the field of international consultation and help. (And they have been: the League and its affiliated International Labor Office passed sixty-seven international agreements during the twenty-five years following 1919.)

—From the painting by Orpen.
Woodrow Wilson: "It will be good to go home . . ."

He spoke of the mandates clause—

> the obligation upon us to look after the interests of the helpless peoples before we use them for our own interest. . . . We are done with annexations of helpless peoples by some Powers to be used merely for exploitation. . . . The conscience of the world has long been prepared for such a document. We are simply expressing what has been long felt. Many terrible things have come out of this war, gentlemen, but some very beautiful things have come out of it. Wrong has been defeated but the rest of the world has been more conscious than ever it was before of the majesty of Right.

Other speeches followed—by Cecil, Orlando, Bourgeois, Wellington Koo—warmly supporting the League principle and the Constitution just completed, and some calling attention to points of special concern to their country. But it was Wilson's day. Delegates rushed to grasp his hand, with congratulations, emotion, excitement.

On the way home in the car he said to his wife: "This is the first real step forward, for I now realize more than ever before that, once established, the League can arbitrate and correct mistakes inevitable in the Treaty we are trying to make at this time. The resentments and injustices caused by the war are still too poignant and the wounds too fresh. They must have time to heal, and when they have done so one by one the mistakes can be brought to the League for readjustment and the League will act as a permanent clearinghouse where every nation can come, the small as well as the great." Then he added with a contented sigh, "It will be good to go home for a few days feeling I have kept faith with the people—and particularly with those boys, God bless them!"

"ONE WORLD IN THE MAKING"

By Ralph Barton Perry

(October 22, Current Books)

THERE is a dramatic contrast between the vastness of man's failure and the vastness of his hopes —both newly felt. This confession of failure widely acknowledged, and this sense of power widely claimed, have begotten in our day the purpose of an economic salvation that shall not only save men from present misery but raise them to heights of welfare never hitherto attained. This purpose is proclaimed by the privileged and the disinterested, as well as by the underprivileged, who, having heard good news, and been promised better things by rivals bidding for their support, will no longer accept their lot as hopeless.

It is dangerous to assume that an economy of war can be converted into an economy of peace. It is one thing to produce goods for the limited and definite ends of war, when the costs are not counted and when under the stress of emergency men are willing to submit to centralized controls; it is another thing to produce for the diversified ends of peace, when the piper has to be paid and when men feel entitled to press their conflicting interests. But these doubts do not affect the basic idea that the potential productivity of a modernized economy is sufficient to raise the minimum of human welfare above the level of destitution; and that a higher standard of living can be paid for by increased employment and purchasing power. No economic party denies this basic idea, whether it looks to free enterprise or to government. Associated with this idea is a resolve to adopt such economic measures as may be necessary to put it into practice.

No one denies that the way to increase human welfare throughout the world is to direct the efforts of all mankind consciously and methodically to that end. On one side of the equation, the needs, desires, and aspirations of all mankind; on the other side of the equation, the total resources of nature combined with the total resources of mankind—the same mankind. All men to help ourselves by concerted effort. All men to profit from the same fund of resources. All resources to be put to their most efficient use, measured in terms of human needs, and to their most economical use, measured in terms of human costs. Everything and everybody to be put to use in such manner as will add most and subtract least. All materials, all efforts, all skills, and all their geographical distributions so employed as will make the most of the fecundity of combination, division, and organization.

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"CHINA IN BLACK AND WHITE"

Foreword by Pearl S. Buck

(November, Asia Press)

UNTIL recently Chinese artists lacked an appreciation of their roots in their own people. Modern education had cut off many young Chinese from their own people, although they were not able to recognize this fact. The truth showed itself in the creative arts. When an artist began to produce, the cleavage in him was apparent enough. The national pride of China has been deepened by the insults China has suffered from Western leaders in this war. Young Chinese hot with the new pride have added the heat of anger. Pride and anger are driving them back to their own sources. What peace could not do for Chinese art, war, or perhaps only suffering, has done. Today the young artists are beginning to create out of the depths of their own.

The collection of eighty-two woodcuts contained in this book are a fair proof of what is happening. In these woodcuts for the first time a Western technique is applied to Chinese subjects with success—that is, with the rightness of a true and fitting medium. It is interesting that the woodcut should be the first, for there is an alliance between the woodcut and the old Chinese wood block print. Practically, however, the scarcity of pigments and oils and canvas have probably had much to do with their choosing this medium. It seems to me they meet the requirements of art, on the whole—that is, they express true feelings, through the medium of a mastered technique applied to fitting subjects.

MOPPING UP — By Huang Yen

A scene that might be anywhere but is in China.

MARKET PLACE — Artist Unknown

Just inside the city gate there is always a market. Here, where people must come to and fro, farmers put down their baskets of cabbage, blacksmiths cry their hoes and plowshares, and fishermen their fish. Here, too, is the vendor of sweets to tempt the children, and the vendor of oil, with his jars and bottles of essential vegetable oil.

—Illustrations from the book.

WATER BUFFALOES — By Han Shang-I

The lumbering dark beasts belong to the earth and water. They are fiercely, stupidly loyal, kind to their owners and vicious to the stranger. They dislike work, yet they must work, then they do their best in the flooded fields of rice paddies. But under their hippopotamus hides, they are jungle beasts, who love the sluggish jungle rivers.

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Almanac for Fall Reading

A Guide to the Forthcoming Books

AMY LOVEMAN

October 15-31

COUNTRY MOUSE. By Louise Andrews Kent. Houghton Mifflin.

A gay and clever tale, an American counterpart of the entertaining stories of English life with which Angela Thirkell has regaled the public. The background of the novel is Vermont.

BACK TO LIFE. By Hubert I. Kupper, M.D. Fischer.

An examination into what the emotional problems involved in the readjustment of the veteran to civilian life are likely to be.

THE UNQUIET GRAVE. By Palinurus. Harpers.

Reflections, philosophical, literary, or reminiscent, some mere aphorisms, others a few paragraphs or pages in length, by an Englishman, Cyril Connolly, who possesses a mind of Gallic quality and penetration.

AMERICA'S STAKE IN BRITAIN'S FUTURE. By George Soule. Viking.

A well-known editor who has long been concerned with national and international affairs discusses the necessity of Anglo-American solidarity.

FO'C'SLE WALTZ. By Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard.

The chronicle of a voyage to the Argentine.

BEDELIA. By Vera Caspary. Houghton Mifflin.

Good suspense fiction.

COURTS AND CABINETS. By E. P. Gooch. Knopf.

A highly interesting collection of historical sketches, focussed about figures who had an impact on their times, and developed through their own writings.

LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT. By J. P. Randall. Dodd, Mead.

Probably the fullest and most illuminating biography of Lincoln as the political executive that has been written.

GOD MADE THE COUNTRY. By Edward Booth. Knopf.

Something new under the sun—a portrayal of the attitude of society toward country life as shown through works of writers from the ancients to the present.

FOCUS. By Arthur Miller. Reynal and Hitchcock.

An original and arresting handling of the problem of anti-Semitism by means of fiction.

WHAT CHEER? By David McCord. Coward-McCann.

A well-chosen and widely-flung anthology of humorous and witty verse.

THE LIFE OF THE HEART. By Frances Winwar. Harpers.

The amazing and melodramatic life of George Sand shown in its many facets by a lively writer.

ONE WORLD IN THE MAKING. By Ralph Barton Perry. Current Books.

An eminent philosopher reflects upon the parlous state of the world and his country's role in solving the problems which beset it.

A MAN FROM KANSAS. By David Hinshaw. Putnams.

A one-time member of the staff of the *Emporia Gazette,* and erstwhile associate in the Bull Moose crusade, draws a sympathetic and understanding portrait of William Allen White.

A NATION OF NATIONS. By Louis Adamic. Harpers.

Mr. Adamic, who knows as much as any man in America about the racial groups which constitute the nation, presents highly informative analyses of them.

ARCH OF TRIUMPH. By Erich Maria Remarque. Appleton-Century.

Some fifteen years after "All Quiet on the Western Front" carried the reading world by storm Mr. Remarque publishes a second novel in which the incidence of war is powerfully depicted.

THE CHAPIN SISTERS. By Fynette Rowe. Current Books.

A novel in which the author develops with skill and mounting tension the changing relationships between two sisters as they pass from youth to old age.

November

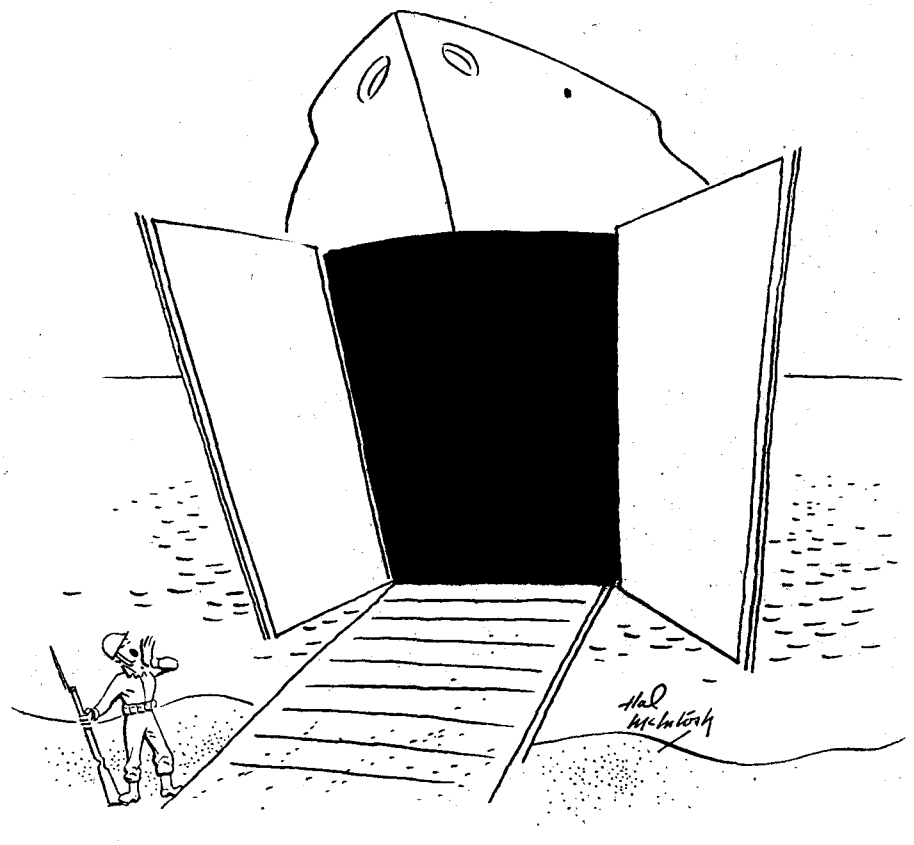
PORTENT OF A MARRIAGE. By Pearl Buck. John Day.

Young love and marriage over the years set against a background of the Pennsylvania countryside. The emotional emphasis of the novel is derived from the disparity in education and life of the protagonists.

THE ARAB ISLAND. By Freya Stark. Knopf.

Few people know the Arab world as well as Freya Stark who has here written a book which is part eloquent

(*Continued on page* 70)



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The General's Report to the Nation

GENERAL MARSHALL'S REPORT, The Winning of the War In Europe and the Pacific. By General George C. Marshall. New York: Simon & Schuster (for the War Dept.). 1945. 123 *pp.* $1 *in paper,* $2.50 *bound.*

Reviewed by
MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

THIS report is the greatest state paper of the war. Its publication is not the least of the services which General of the Army George C. Marshall has performed for his country—and it could be given no higher praise than that. It is required reading for every American citizen. It is required study material for every school and college. It is written with a forceful simplicity and clarity of style which makes it easy to understand. It is a story of victory, a tale to lift the heart with pride; but it is more than that, for underneath its account of vast accomplishment runs the calm, clear understanding of what might have been—of the odds against this nation in the beginning, of how much we owed to the steadfastness of our Allies, to distance, and to the errors and misconceptions of the enemy.

> In the black days of 1942 . . . Germany and Japan came so close to complete domination of the world that we do not yet realize how thin the thread of Allied survival had been stretched. In good conscience this Nation can take little credit for its part in staving off disaster in those critical days. It is certain that the refusal of the British and Russian peoples to accept what appeared to be inevitable defeat was the great factor in the salvage of our civilization. Of almost equal importance was the failure of the enemy to make the most of the situation. . . . Had the U.S.S.R. and the British Army of the Nile been defeated in 1942, as they well might if the Germans, the Japanese and the Italians had better coördinated their plans and resources and successive operations, we should have stood today in the western hemisphere confronted by enemies who controlled the greater part of the world.

After discussing the possibilities of new weapons with great frankness, General Marshall proceeds to his demonstration—giving us for the first time "a clear understanding of what has occurred in this war, the strategic decisions, the reasons for them and the operations by which they were executed." Victory in Europe—the strategic concept—the fall of Italy—operation OVERLORD (the invasion of western Europe)—the crossing of the Rhine and the final surrender of Germany: you read here the history of the greatest war of all times written by its greatest soldier while the events of which he writes are still fresh in his memory. You learn why the clamor for a "second front" could not be answered earlier; you learn why we went first to North Africa, and then to Sicily and Italy, before we could go to France; you learn why there were never, until the end, enough men to do a really decisive job in the Italian campaign; and you learn something of what it means in terms of expended effort to carry on military operations across 3,000 miles of sea.

At the same time you see the underlying wisdom of the decision to strike Germany first, while holding Japan for the time being. "Victory in this global war depended on the successful execution of OVERLORD. Yet the Japanese could not be permitted meanwhile to entrench in their stolen empire, and China must not be allowed to fall victim to further Japanese assaults. Allied resources were searched through again and again, and strategy reconsidered in the light of the deficiencies. These conclusions seemed inescapable: France must be invaded in 1944, to shorten the war by facilitating the advance westward of the Soviet forces. At the same time German technological advances such as the development of atomic explosives made it imperative that we attack before these terrible weapons could be turned against us. In addition, the pressure on the Japanese in the Pacific must not be relaxed. Communications with China must be reopened. Resources were allocated accordingly. The balance was extremely delicate, but we had to go ahead."

This is written of the decisions taken at Teheran and Cairo in November and December, 1943; when many voices were screaming in this country for more resources for the Pacific, warning that we can never break into Fortress Europe, that our boys will be slaughtered in millions on the beaches, and what are we doing in Europe anyway? We were just saving our hides, that is what we were doing there, including the hides of the people who were doing all the criticizing. And—"the balance was extremely delicate." So delicate that it might easily have been upset by misdirected popular pressure, though in this case it was not. General Marshall tells us later on of the results of such pressure on the flow of manpower into the army, when people began to say that the "brass hats" were calling for too many men—remember? Fortunately that *was* later on, the balance was not so delicate, and we only lost some lives that need not have been lost—we didn't lose the war.

Victory over Japan—the road to China—unremitting pressure—surrender: we have this story, too, and the story as far as it has been written of the armies of occupation. General Marshall gives us an illuminating chapter on our weapons, in which he pulls no punches and glosses over no deficiencies, but comes to the conclusion that our superiority was general and decisive. His chapter on manpower is likewise both frank and revealing; so is the one on army management. "One consideration in particular," observes the Chief of Staff, "is often ignored by the civilian in judging a condition which interferes with or restricts the daily life in America. The burden of supplying the fighting man at the place and at the time of his requirement rests squarely on a responsible officer. Excuses and explanations are not acceptable to the soldier and would not be tolerated by the political leaders. . . ."

General Marshall's "report is the greatest state paper of the war . . . and required reading for every American . . ."

General Marshall's concluding chapter deals with his recommendations for the future. He makes an eloquent plea for universal military training. "Technology does not eliminate the need for men in war. . . . The security of this nation, when challenged by an armed enemy, requires the services of virtually all able-bodied male citizens. . . . Objections [to universal training] appear to be influenced by ulterior motives, or to . . . give undue importance to restrictions on our freedom of life, trivial in comparison with the awful tragedies we are seeking to avoid and the great blessings we hope to secure for succeeding generations." He continues: "Without such a firm foundation [a year's training for all] I am clearly of the opinion that a sufficiently dependable force for our post-war needs cannot be maintained."

This magnificent document is so full of quotable material that one could continue indefinitely. But read the book for yourself. It is your duty as a citizen, and it may well have something to do with how long you or your children will go on living.

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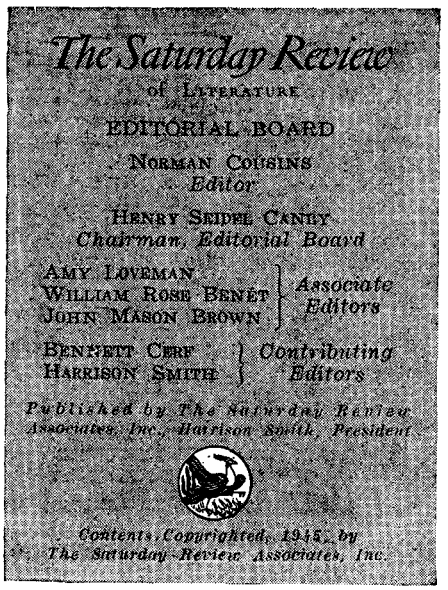

SOVEREIGNTY IN AN ATOMIC AGE

THE word "sovereignty" is a fortress in the mind. It creates powerful protective images. It crystallizes the idea of security.

We cling to these images, but the tragedy is that the fortress has paper walls. A tragedy, because we assume that national sovereignty still offers us security and freedom of national decision. A tragedy, because we assume it still means a guarantee of national independence, the right to get into war or stay out of it. We even debate the question of "surrendering" some of our sovereignty—as though we still have something to surrender. There is nothing left to surrender. There is only something to gain—the security provided by a common world sovereignty.

At the heart of sovereignty throughout history there has been security based on the advantage of geography or military might. For sovereignty has been inseparable from power. But by the end of World War I, the validity of national sovereignty had sharply changed. The development of air power alone, apart from all other aspects of the world's inexorable trend toward close interrelationship, outdated traditional concepts of independence among nations. Yet we preferred to believe that there was no connection between a world being locked into a single piece and its overall organization. Unfortunately, our unreadiness or unwillingness to see this connection did not cause the connection to disappear.

So much did this connection exist that it led to World War II. Despite six years of that new war, despite jet planes, rocket planes, despite the abrupt telescoping of a thousand years of human history in the release of atomic energy, despite the loss of millions of lives, we still act as though sovereignty can function as it did two thousand years ago.

Can it be that we do not realize that in an age of atomic energy and rocket planes the foundations of the old sovereignties have been shattered? That no longer, as Mr. Gerald Johnson has pointed out in these pages, is security to be found in armies and navies, however large and mighty? That no longer is there security based on size and size alone? That any nation, however small, with atomic energy, is potentially as powerful as any other nation, however large? That in an Atomic Age all nations are now directly accessible to each other—for better or worse? That in the erasure of man-made barriers and boundaries all the peoples of the world stand virtually unarmed in the presence of one another? That they are at the mercy of one another, and shall have to devise a common security or suffer a common cataclysm? That the only really effective influence between peoples is such influence as they are able to exert morally, politically, ideologically upon each other? That the use of disproportionate wealth and abundance of resources by any nation, when applied for bargaining purposes, does not constitute influence but the type of coercion against which severe reaction is inevitable?

ALL these questions have been in the making for centuries, but the triumph over the invisible and mighty atom has given them an exactness and an immediacy about which there can be no mistake. The need for world government was clear long before August 6, 1945, but Hiroshima and Nagasaki raised that need to such dimensions that it can no longer be ignored. And in the glare brighter than sunlight produced by the assault of the atom, we have all the light we need with which to examine this new world that has come into being with such clicking abruptness. Thus examined, the old sovereignties are seen for what they are—vestigial obstructions in the circulatory system of the world.

Much of the attachment to old concepts of sovereignty, as well as the reluctance to face squarely its limitations in the modern world, grows out of apprehension over the control a world authority might have over the internal affairs of the individual state. There is the fear, for example, that the individual constitutions would be subject to central control. There is the fear that institutions built up over centuries would exist only at the pleasure and discretion of a superstate.

Natural and understandable though these concerns may be, they have their source in confusion over a distinction that should be made between world *sovereignty* and state *jurisdiction*. A common world sovereignty would mean that no state could act unilaterally in its foreign affairs. It would mean that no state could have the instruments of power to aggress against other states. It would mean that no state could withdraw from the central authority as a method of achieving its aims. But it would *not* mean that the individual state would lose its *jurisdiction* over its internal affairs. It would *not* mean the arbitrary establishment of a uniform ideology all over the world. It would *not* mean the forcible imposition of non-democratic systems on democratic states, any more than it would mean the forcible imposition of democratic systems on non-democratic states.

Though the idea of bestowing democracy on all other peoples throughout the world seems both magnanimous and attractive, the fact remains that democracy is not to be had just for the giving or the taking. It cannot be donated or imposed from without. It is an intricate and highly advanced mechanism capable of existing, like man himself, only under certain conditions. It depends not only on the love of freedom, but on the ability to carry the responsibilities of freedom. It requires enduring respect for numberless principles, not all of them incorporated into formal law. It requires adherence to the principle of majority rule with preservation of minority rights. It is as much a way of living and a philosophy of life as it is a form of political organization.

This does not mean, however, that peoples not now democratic must be restrained from moving towards democracy. Nor does it mean that the con-

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THE ultimate aim of government is not to rule, nor to restrain by fear, nor to exact obedience, but contrariwise, to free every man from fear, that he may live in all possible security; in other words, to strengthen his natural right to exist and to work without injury to himself or others. No, the object of government is not to change men from rational beings into beasts or puppets, but to enable them to develop their minds and bodies in security, and to employ their reason unshackled; neither showing hatred, anger, or deceit, nor watched with the eyes of jealousy and injustice. In fact, the true aim of government is liberty.

—BARUCH SPINOZA, "Writings on Political Philosophy" (1670)

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ditions under which democracy can come into being cannot be nutured and developed. So far as a central authority is concerned, one way to help in that development can be by providing a greater external harmony that will permit a greater internal harmony.

IN creating this higher sovereignty, we naturally wonder whether history has any advice to offer. History tells of two experiences worth our examination. The first happened in Greece more than two thousand years ago; the second happened in America a century and a half ago. Neither experience can properly be termed a parallel or a precise guide to the present. Strictly speaking, no precise guide to the present is to be found anywhere. Never before has the world known such a profound and sudden shock; never before has there been so little in the way of previous experience to build upon. But while we should not overstretch historical analogy, neither should we fail to take into account the operation of certain historical principles whose validity might seem to apply to our own time.

Early Greece—that is, the Greece of the pre-Christian era—was not a state but a bundle of states. Though geographically united, it was politically disunited, with trade rivalries and frequent wars. The need for one nation to rise out of all the small city-states was apparent to many Greek leaders, but no one city-state was willing to take the initiative in building a genuine, common sovereignty. Several leagues or confederations were attempted, but broke down because the strongest states arrogated supreme power to themselves. Moreover, leagues of nations were arrayed against each other within Greece itself, with small states in the south clustered around Sparta, and the small states in the north clustered around Athens. This struggle between Athens and Sparta, growing out of their inability to come together within a single governmental organization, cost Greek civilization its very life.

Greece's failure is worth noting because it illustrates the consequences of disunion for states within a related group. It is worth noting, too, because it served as one of the strongest arguments for a union of the states during the making of the American Constitution. Throughout the minutes of the Constitutional Convention, and throughout *The Federalist,* which interpreted and analyzed the work of the convention, we find frequent reference to the Greek experience.

The causes and the effects of the Greek failure, said *The Federalist,* "cannot be too highly colored, or too often exhibited. Every man who loves peace, every man who loves his country, every man who loves liberty, ought to have it ever before his eyes. . . ." Readers were told that if the Greeks had been "as wise as they were courageous," they would have transformed their loose and competing leagues into a real union. *The Federalist* believed that had such a union been formed after the war against Persia, when both Athens and Sparta were for once united in defense of Greece, there might never have been a Peloponnesian War culminating in the ruin of both states and in the decay of Greece itself. America, said *The Federalist,* should be the "broad and solid foundation of other edifices, not less magnificent, which will be equally permanent monuments of their errors."

I KNOW no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome direction, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON, Letter (1820)

* * *

MANKIND as a whole has always striven to organize a universal state. There have been many great nations with great histories, but the more highly they were developed the more unhappy they were, for they felt more acutely than other people the craving for world-wide union.

—FEDOR DOSTOEVSKI, "The Grand Inquisitor" (1881)

There is a disposition to deny the value of America's success at international organization one hundred and sixty years ago because the states were supposedly so compact, so homogeneous, so closely knit in their cultural and political and economic patterns.

Yet a fact frequently overlooked is that the American Revolution did not create the United States. The United States were created largely through their differences, differences so intense that only a common sovereignty could prevent international anarchy within the American group.

Listen to Thomas Paine on the "homogeneous" quality of the Colonial peoples at the time the international organization that is the United States was founded:

"If there is a country in the world where concord, according to common calculation, would be least expected, it is America. Made up, as it is, of people from different nations, accustomed to different forms and habits of government, speaking different languages, and more different in their modes of worship, it would appear that the union of such a people was impracticable. But by the simple operation of constructing government on the principles of society and the rights of man, every difficulty retires, and the parts are brought into cordial unison."

PAINE'S footnote to this paragraph indicates that the melting pot was not peculiar to a later period in American history. "That part of America," he said, "which is generally called New England, including New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, is peopled chiefly by English descendants. In the state of New York, about half are Dutch, the rest English, Scotch and Irish. In New Jersey, a mixture of English and Dutch, with some Scotch and Irish. In Pennsylvania, about one-third are English, another third German, and the remainder Scotch and Irish, with some Swedes. The states to the southward have a greater proportion of English than the middle states, but in all of them there is a mixture and beside those enumerated, there are a considerable number of French, and some few of all the European nations, lying on the Coast."

Paine went on to point out that the American experience proved that diverse peoples did not have to be subjugated to be brought together, but that they could achieve common government through common consent. Government, he said, was not a "thing made up of mysteries," but a "national association acting on the principles of society."

In examining, therefore, the Greek and American experiences, we find one central point worth considering in relation to the problem before us

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today: States within a related group must live as one or suffer as many. A corollary is that the differences among peoples are not a deterrent in meeting the need for over-all government, but actually both a pre-condition and a basic reason behind the need.

What validity does this have for the world today? First, do the nations of the world belong to a related group? If so, how and to what extent?

The world has at last become a geographic unit, if we measure geographic units not according to absolute size but according to access and proximity. All peoples are members of this related group, just as the thirteen American colonies belonged to a related group, and just as the city-states of Greece belonged to a related group. The extent of this relationship need only be measured by the direct access nations have to each other for purposes of war. And the consequences of disunion are as applicable to the world group today as they were to individual groupings of states in the past. The unorganized geographic units of the past have given way to the unorganized unit of the present. It is a unit without unity, an order without any order.

IN a world where it takes less time to get from New York to Chungking than it took to get from New York to Philadelphia in 1787, the nature and extent of this geographic entity becomes apparent. All natural distances and barriers vanish. Never before in history has the phrase, the human family, had such a precise meaning. This much all of us—American, European, African, Asiatic, Australian—have in common: Whether we like it or not, we have been brought together or thrust together as members of a world unit, albeit an unorganized world unit. Within that unit, to be sure, are divisions and subdivisions, but they are all heavily interdependent. There is little point in musing or speculating whether this unit is desirable or whether it deserves our support. The fact is that it exists.

Here we must meet the argument that, even though the world may be a geographical unit, it is too large, too unwieldy, for the creation and operation of a governmental unit. But size alone does not limit the area in which government can function. Unwieldiness is entirely relative to the instruments of control. For harmony among states depends upon relationships; and relationships among states depend upon law and respect for law.

No less an authority on international organization than *The Federalist* tells us that "the larger the society, provided it be within a practical sphere, the more duly capable will it be of self-government." By "practical," *The Federalist* meant both necessity and workability. Thus a state could be as large as the need behind it, so long as it possessed effective machinery for its administration. And two thousand years before *The Federalist,* Aristole considered the limitations upon the size of a state and decided that it could be determined by the range of a man's voice. Accessibility seemed to Aristotle to be the prime requisite of a governmental unit. According to this definition, radio has converted the entire world into a small enclosure capable of central government. But radio is only one of the instruments available for drawing the peoples of the world together under a common sovereignty. The revolution in communication and transportation can give them a practicable mutuality such as even the people of any one nation a hundred or more years ago never knew among themselves.

This mutuality—a mutuality built on present and future needs—is more important than physical dimensions. It is more important than differences and difficulties. It is important to whatever extent the survival of the human race is important.

N. C.

A Letter to *The Saturday Review*

SIR: Your continuing interest in and concern with the problem of controlling destructive atomic energy prompts us to send you this letter.

We, as scientists who knowingly contributed to the development of atomic power and the atomic bomb, feel keenly the responsibilities we accepted in helping to create this force, first used as a weapon of destruction. These responsibilities are now shared by every person of every nation. Therefore, we feel that it is essential that every individual be made aware of the entirely new conditions this force imposes on the nations of the world and their relations with one another.

We cannot and do not presume to speak as international statesmen or politicians; however, as scientists who produced the weapon, we possess special knowledge of great pertinence in formulating our country's policy with respect to this epochal development.

No individual, group, or nation can keep new scientific discoveries secret as long as human minds can function anywhere. In this particular case, the fundamental principles of atomic energy and its release were widely known before the developments of this project. The only remaining "secrets" are technical and engineering details of processes, plants, and devices. The fact, as announced in the Smyth report, that several different processes have been successfully employed on these projects, the fact that other independent attempts can be made with the knowledge that the goal is achievable, and the fact that many countries possess the scientists and resources which are necessary, make it a practical certainty that *our efforts can and will be duplicated in other countries within a few years.*

We submit that anything less than a single world policy with regard to atomic power and weapons can result only in catastrophe. *The only way in which atomic bombs can bring security is by using them first.* The tremendous industrial capacity of this nation, of such tremendous importance in winning the war, will not be a factor in any possible future conflict involving atomic weapons, for no nation will dare to initiate war until it feels sure that it can accomplish complete and immediate annihilation of its enemies. Thus, *no nation can find security in the preparation of stocks of atomic bombs.*

We feel that participation by every nation in some plan for a single world control of atomic energy is an inescapable conclusion. This most certainly means a loss, in some respects, of national sovereignty. We do not propose to postulate any specific international mechanism for accomplishing such an end, but it appears to us that international control is the only way in which the misuse of atomic energy can be prevented.

Every war of modern times has seen the development and demonstration of some new offensive weapon; it seems obvious that some form of atomic energy weapon is the ultimate and that mankind has reached the point where it can no longer afford war. The world is too small, the power too great.

THE ASSOCIATION OF OAK RIDGE SCIENTISTS AT CLINTON LABORATORIES.

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Are Women People?

SIR: I have a bone to pick with Alvin Johnson. Doesn't he think that women are human beings? His otherwise excellent article on "Education in an Atomic Age" is marred by several allusions to "women and children" as belonging together in one group set apart from the "male men" who, apparently, are the only prime movers in the advance of civilization.

Whatever children may be, it is a little too late a day to dispose of half the world's adult population with a contemptuous compliment. Women are not "the flowers of hope through the unending succession of the generations." They are mature, responsible humans, with just as much concern and just as urgent duties as men can have in the problems arising from the conquering of atomic force.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.
San Francisco, Calif.

Tolstoy and Translations

SIR: A remark in the editorial, "New Words for Old Books" [*SRL*, Aug. 25], prompted me to look into my editions of Tolstoy.

After noting that Constance Garnett had "translated eighteen novels of Turgeniev, fifteen of Dostoievsky's books, and all of Chekov's," you said: "Why Mrs. Garnett kept her hands off Tolstoy is not known whether because of another writer's prior claim or her dislike of Tolstoy's radical ideas."

My edition of "Anna Karenina" is the two-volume set put out by Random House in 1939, with an introductory essay by Thomas Mann and illustrations by Philip Reisman — *and* "translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett."

The two editions of "War and Peace" that I now have are the Maude translation. However, I would swear that the Modern Library Giant edition that I left over in Germany was translated by Constance Garnett.

I agree with you that the Russian novelists need re-translating. While I was in England I was reading a recent Stalin Prize Novel by Alexei Tolstoy ("Road to Calvary" was the title, I believe). I was impressed by the fact that it was much more vigorously translated than any other Russian novel I had read. Unfortunately, I do not recall the translator's name.

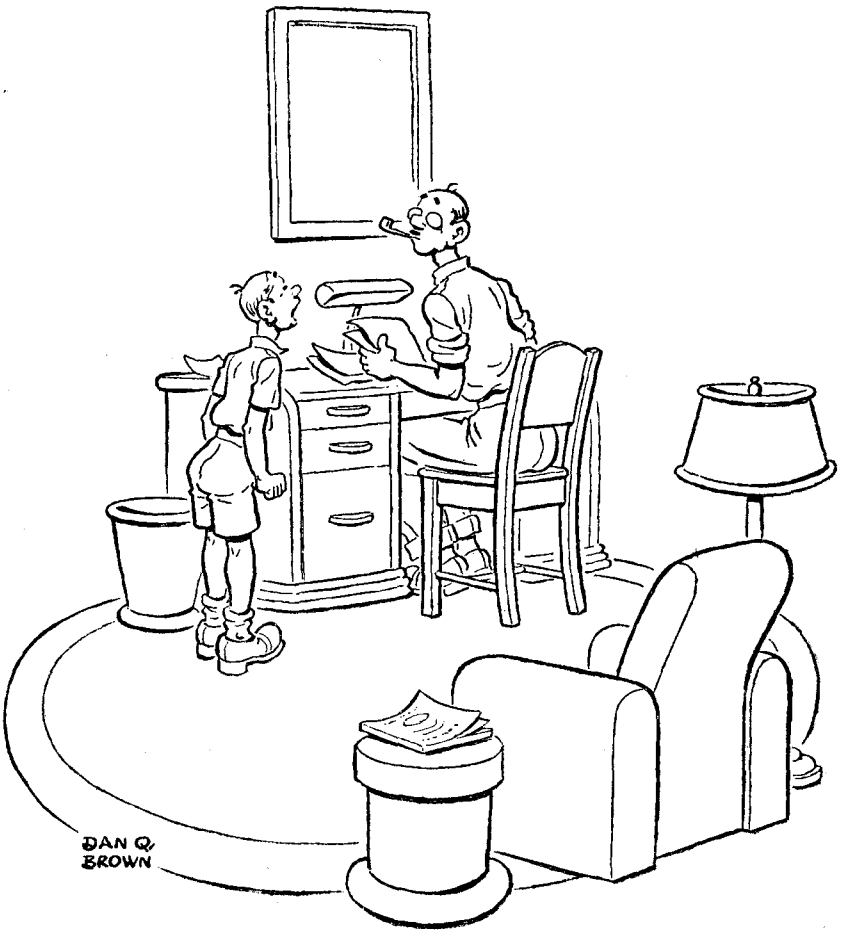
(S/SGT.) A. M. HILLMAN.
Levant, Maine.

"Modern Man Is Obsolete"

SIR: For the last several weeks I have been delighted to read all the commendations of your "Modern Man Is Obsolete" editorial, but, yea gods, can't you writers do more than just agree that one world would be desirable? Dozens of expressions of agreement and praise but not one word about future action! How come?

It seems to me that something *can* be done about this and that the most effective means would be through such a group as the *SRL* represents. Couldn't you organize or propose something such as a "Writers' Congress for World Government"? There must be writers all over the world who would like nothing better than to work for such a cause, especially now when the farce of London and all that has been fought for is becoming so painfully evident. When the writers have begun, the students, worldwide, should mobilize—then the professional groups and unions. But education must come first—how about it?

FRED BASSETTI.
Cambridge, Mass.



"Dad, is the increase in my allowance retroactive?"

Impressions from a Writers' Conference

SIR: At the Campus of Northwestern University you may stumble into an edifice, built in the style of the Tudor period, and in the next moment into a box-like, many-windowed modernistic house, into a stodgy red brick Romanesque building, and into one with lofty gables and spires. The same variety of styles could be found among the lectures that were given at the Campus, in the last week of July, within the framework of the Midwestern Writers' Conference. Some of the educators, poets, writers, journalists, editors, literary agents, and publishers who addressed the crowd delivered strictly informative lectures, others made table-talks, witty and amusing, but altogether not very helpful, and a few even spoke facetiously and ironically about the art of writing, to the confusion and bewilderment of many neophytes among the listeners.

Frankly speaking, the audience seemed to me more interesting than the body of lecturers, though it included some nationally known figures. The majority of the disciples were women, young girls, middle-aged housewives, and old ladies—if the term "old" can be applied to people as enthusiastic and as responsive to the teaching as I found these ladies to be. Of the men, quite a few were in U. S. uniforms, and it speaks well for them—and of the soldierettes, too—that they spent their evenings listening to lectures on such subjcts as "Practical Psychology for the Creative Writer" instead of "having a good time" at Chez Paree and other of Chicago's hot spots.

During the Conference I could not help comparing the wonderful opportunities given the aspiring writers in

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this country with the lack of encouragement that I noticed in the Old World where I came from. If I remember right, there existed no classes in short-story writing, nor any drama work shops at Central European universities. Nor did any colleges or high schools publish any magazines edited and written exclusively by students. There was no institution giving us young ones an opportunity of learning the trade, and permitting the talented ones to break into print. Whenever the topic of the teaching of the art of writing was discussed, the professional writers would laugh it off, claiming that the faculty of writing was a heavenly gift; if a person had the divine spark, he did not have to be taught, and if he didn't, well, then it wasn't worth while bothering with him anyway. But while it is basically true that not ten or even twenty courses can make you a writer, if you have no talent whatsoever, it is equally true that clever guidance can help the newcomers avoid dangerous pitfalls, can help them save much time that they could use for expanding their experience and knowledge. We had to learn everything the hard way.

There was another phenomenon that struck me even more profoundly: after having heard a great deal about the "materialism" said to prevail in this country, I was amazed at the enormous number of people possessed with only one idea—the desire to write. I talked with numerous individuals who attended the Conference, and found that they had come from all walks of life. Many of them indulged in poetry, a branch of writing that is hardly lucrative, and even if only a small percentage of them will ever produce anything that comes close to a real poem, their appreciation of poetry, their earnest desire to produce something beautiful should not be dismissed easily.

Not far away from the campus is titanic Chicago, "half-naked, sweating, proud to be Pig Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation." More power to you brave men and women at Evanston who, in defiance of the war, turned the college into a little Athens where Calliope, Euterpe, and the other Muses were worshipped—at least during the fruitful four days of the Writers' Conference.

ALFRED WERNER.

Evanston, Illinois.

"The Mind of the Negro"

SIR: I would like to be among the first to congratulate you on the publication of your splendid article, "The Mind of the Negro" [*SRL*, Sept. 8]. My copy came in the mail this a.m. and I read this fine piece of writing first of all.

It brought to mind something which occurred last summer and which I think may be of interest to you. My husband and I happened to read in the "Letters" column of one of our large national magazines a letter from K. G. Price. Mr. Price gave a succinct and terrifying picture of the book famine existing in Negro schools all over Mississippi. He told how frequently the only way to have any books at all in a Negro school was for the parents, all of them poor, to contribute a few dollars with which to purchase cheap, paper-backed children's books. We were so moved by this letter that we sent a package of second-hand books and some issues of *PM, New York Times,* and *SRL* to Mr. Price. We thought that the latter would be of interest to the teachers.

Dr. P. H. Easom, of the Department of Education, wrote us a cordial note of thanks saying that, "You may rest assured that this gift is greatly appreciated and these books will be used in providing library facilities for Negro schools in Mississippi. Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness."

This seems to me a perfect example of what H. A. Overstreet means by ". . . environment can make a whale of a difference to the mind of any man, black or white."

JEAN MOCHARNIUK,
(Mrs. Nicholas Mocharniuk).

Woodstock, New York.

Charades

SIR: In your issue of August 18 you print a copy of the very old Charade, beginning: "I sit on a rock while I'm raising the wind."

This charade has been known to three generations in my wife's family, and we have always supposed that the true answer is the word

WEATHER.

Weather may be thought of in terms of good and bad; and as equivalent to "air" also. It thus seems to fulfill all the requirements of the puzzle, unless it be the line, "And that was with Noah, all alone in the ark."

If this answer is correct, it dates the charade back to the time of William IV of England, since the "first" and the "last" letters of the word Weather are W (*ie.,* William) and R (*i.e.,* Rex).

H. O. DUBOIS.

New York, N. Y.

"Ourselves, Inc."

SIR: Are reviewers for the *SRL* now gifted with prophecy? In his review of Dr. Lee R. Ward's "Ourselves, Inc." [*SRL,* Sept. 8], Mr. Harold Fields speaks of "encyclicals and statements made by Popes Pius XI, XII, and XIII"! Or did a weary proofreader merely overlook a "Leo" before XIII?

R. C. WILLIAMS, S.J.

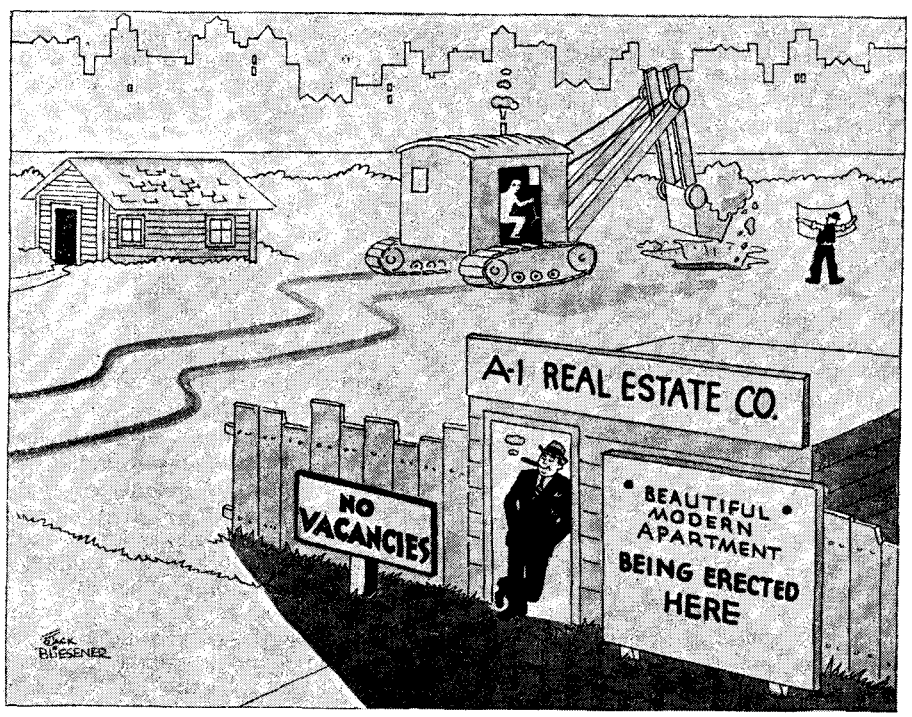
The Creighton University,
Omaha 2, Nebraska.

The Curse of Acknowledgments

SIR: Jacques Barzun refers (bitterly) [*SRL,* Sept. 22] "to the page marked 'Acknowledgments,' which is now found in almost all works except fiction and which lists the author's debt to publishers for quotations." Fiction, regrettable to say, isn't exempt either. The continuity of Anne Parrish's fine novel, "Poor Child," was badly damaged—for me at least—by the practice. Martin, the terrified boy-hero, as part of his program of propitiation, sometimes literally sings for his supper. But let him once start "Ireland must be ——" and he is immediately throttled by an asterisk, while a footnote explains that he is giving tongue only by permission of Charms & Co., owner of the copyright. I think there are also some acknowledgments in Dan Wickenden's "The Wayfarers," though not so obtrusively placed.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York, N. Y.



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Fable in Modern Dress

THE PERFECT ROUND. By Henry Morton Robinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IF the first virtue of the novelist is readability, whether for style or for story or for both, Mr. Robinson has achieved virtue. There are, I think, a good many things wrong with his plot, or at least with his handling of event and character, but it has the supreme quality of awakening in the reader the question: what happens next? "The Perfect Round" is sometimes symbolical, sometimes realistic, sometimes philosophic, and sometimes bald melodrama, but the inventiveness of the author never flags, his ability to lure the reader into the next chapter never tires. As narrative power is curiously weak in the modern novel, this distinction of Mr. Robinson's is a very real distinction, indeed.

But the story-telling art may run the gamut from "Lady Audley's Secret" to Homer. Mr. Robinson's style is one of the things that keeps his novel moving—oddly enough. I say "oddly enough" because one of the great qualities of this style is the Keatsian ability to load every rift with ore; and one would suppose that these sentences, in which words do the work of phrases, and phrases linger on the palate while the narrative moves past, would clog the motion of the fable by overloading it. Mr. Robinson has a devouring eye and ear. Nothing escapes him, not the smallest detail, the smallest bright pebble of an item, the smallest scraping sound. Take, for example, the following introduction of a character:

> An unusual footfall, heavy-light, heavy-light, moved inside the cabin. A latch was fiddled with, and the door was flung open by a one-legged man with a wooden stump; so much did he look like John Silver, that O'Reilly almost expected him to have a steel hook instead of a hand. Actually the man was carrying a flapjack turned with one golden-brown pancake on it. The flapjack-maker stood unpromisingly silent in the doorway, a shaggy bison of a man with burned-out cinder eyes, unwarmed by curiosity or interest. He needed a haircut and a shave, also a bit of laundering about the shirt collar. O'Reilly noticed, however, that his hands were clean, the nails not unattended.

It is not O'Reilly who notices these things, it is the reader under the expert guidance of Mr. Robinson. Nothing can be taken away from this picture; nothing needs to be added.

The fable of "The Perfect Round" concerns a returned veteran suffering from a bad case of Irish mysticism, who tramps the Hudson River valley until he comes upon an abandoned merry-go-round on somebody else's land. To repair this merry-go-round, to put it into perfect order seems to him the *summum bonum;* and when a lush and accommodating nymph moves down a nearby stream, proves to be a woodcarver, and falls into his extremely masculine arms, there seems to be no reason why the calliope cannot tootle and the wooden horses go round. But central New York is filled with complicated villainy having a lust for cockfighting; our hero almost falls into the clutches of a village lawyer of unparalleled duplicity and general wickedness; and as a result, he fights for life and death against a police dog and is clapped into a lousy jail. However, a dear little old maid falls heir to the estate on which the merry-go-round was illegally rebuilt, testifies before the grand jury, routs the henchmen of the dirty crook of a lawyer, and our hero and heroine, who have been having a grand time sleeping together without benefit of clergy, are at length united in lawful matrimony by a priest. At the end virtue is rewarded and vice is punished in the best manner of sentimental fiction.

So much the reader is entitled to know from the honest reviewer. The fact is that about a third of the plot is tripe. But it is honest tripe curiously disguised, as if Mr. Robinson had fed on alternate doses of Koffka and Wilkie Collins. Spots in the latter half of the book suggest "The Woman in White" and "Armadale," and I half expected Miss Gwilt to enter almost any chapter. And other spots are soaked with metaphysics.

—SRL *Drawing from life by Frances O'Brien Garfield.*

Henry Morton Robinson "has a devouring eye and ear."

But it doesn't especially matter. You read on. You are perpetually curious as to which of the many lives of Mr. Robinson is going to furnish the next section. And while one may have many lofty theories of the novel, there are two very sound theories that will forever be true: the story ought to be entrancing and the style ought to be literate. Mr. Robinson has both. I liked "The Perfect Round" in spite of some patent absurdities. I think most readers will also like it.

Memory of Things Past

INTERVAL IN CAROLINA. By William Abrahams. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 181 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IT'S October down here in Carolina now and the tight emotional intervals between training and embarkation are gone forever. The Sergeant Wallace Youngs in the bars of the hotels have a chance to think about permanence again. But William Abrahams has put into moving prose the story of a good many more love affairs than this one of boys in uniform, somehow lost to the past and with the future of war making them more deeply sensitive to life around them. The Jeanies are in most cases still in Carolina. The moment of the meetings between Jeanie and the sergeant, however, was worth preserving. Mr. Abrahams has done it with warmth and poetry.

As a young poet in arms, Mr. Abrahams has written a sergeant's elegy about a girl he used to know and enriched it by other soldiers' memories of the good girls they met and left. They were memories both hard-boiled and sentimental. But they add up to poetry which may be a good deal sounder history of the soldier's story in this war than many dramatic tales of battles fought and landings made. "Interval in Carolina" is a sensitively remembered and beautifully written story of the war Mr. Abrahams and twelve million others fought when they were young. It possesses, as few war books do, the full sense of youth and love and war and the impermanence of them all.

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TRADE Winds

EVER SINCE THE overwhelming victory of the British Labor Party, people in America who know Professor Harold Laski have been wondering how long he would keep out of trouble with the more conservative and practical leaders of the new government. The honeymoon proved to be short-lived indeed. The other day Laski asked Foreign Minister Bevin, "Is there anything more I can do for you?" "Yes," said Bevin, "Keep quiet."

Laski is the kind of man who is most valuable as a spearhead of the opposition. Didactic, aggressive, far left of center, he is eager to make changes overnight that more realistic confreres believe will require years. As an author, Laski is best known here for his characteristically brilliant "The American Presidency," a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. He lectured at Harvard for a while but quit after a fight over the Boston police strike in 1920. If he doesn't stop telling every department in the Labor Government how to run its business, there's an excellent chance he'll be back here soon lecturing again.

One Wall Street operator reacted sharply when he heard the name of the chairman of the executive committee of Britain's new ruling party. "Laski, eh?" he muttered. "Good old Jesse!"—and immediately bought a thousand shares of Paramount Pictures. It's up six points. As the old joke goes, "*You* should have the education" . . .

PROFESSOR LASKI'S CLAMOR for radical changes in British government has not upset the Admiralty to any noticeable extent. Its latest "Admiralty Stores List," printed in the dignified *New Statesman,* indicates a time-honored respect for the amenities, and what may be an all-time high in specialization. I quote:

POTS, Chamber, plain
POTS, Chamber, with Admiralty monogram in blue for hospital use
POTS, Chamber, fluted, with royal cipher in gold for Flag Officers only
POTS, Chamber, round, rubber, for lunatics

The list goes on and on, but by this time, perhaps, you have the general idea. . . .

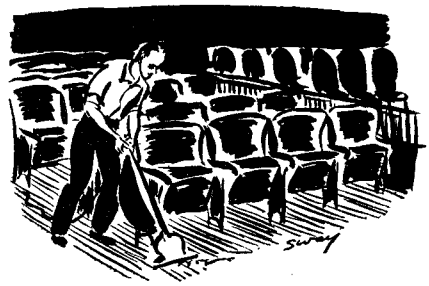
AN ADMIRER HAS beseeched Frances Winwar for a copy of her "Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nighties." Probably lives in a Park Avenue penthouse. . . . Anthony Boucher, *San Francisco Chronicle* critic and editor of World's excellent new anthology, "Great American Detective Stories," was browsing in a Beverly Hills bookshop the day that rumored Senatorial candidate, Orson Welles, came in search of reading matter. The clerk, seemingly aware of Mr. Welles's fondness for outré items, suggested Salvador Dali's autobiography. Mr. Welles was indignant: he had already read the book, and he Did Not Like It. "But why the vehemence?" the startled clerk broke in at his first opportunity (ten minutes later). "Because," thundered Mr. Welles in a voice that made six other customers drop the books they were fingering, "if there is one thing I loathe, IT IS AN EXHIBITIONIST." . . .

NEW YORKER STORY, 1945.

by

FRANCES LANAHAN

In the spring of 1932, I was living with my father, my mother, my brother, my two sisters, my Aunt Clothilde, my Great-Uncle Andrew, and my Great-Aunt Rosalind in a rented Pagoda on the outskirts of a little village called Shanghai-on-the Ganges, in the province of Punjab, India. The natives, who were half Siberian and stood on their heads every Friday afternoon at four, affectionately described our tiny community as the Hong-Kong of the Upper Punjab, and, for reasons not entirely clear, referred affectionately to Father as the Martin Van Buren of the Western Irawaddy basin. Father was selling dirty postcards in the province at the time, and every morning was a source of great excitement as we saw Father off on the 8:47 to the nearby town of Maharajah. Every evening, when he came home, Mother would look at him with her big sorrowful eyes and we could hear her whispering through her nose: "Henry! Not in front of the children!" We would all go out then and gambol on the alfalfa lawn in front of our ten-story pagoda and listen to the far-off rumble of the monsoon creeping over the hills from Mount Everest. We never knew what was going on inside the Pagoda while we were gone, but when we came in



Mother and my Aunt Clothilde would be shelling peas in the kitchen, Mother standing very straight the way she always did and Aunt Clothilde bent double over the peas, dropping her pince-nez occasionally into the bowl.

Shelling was always a big event at our Pagoda. Servants were plentiful in those days and Aunt Clothilde used to say in a loud voice that our hired girl, Ramona, should be made to shell. Ramona had been left to us in trust by the former occupant of the Pagoda, Lord van Devanter, *Time* and *Life's* Shanghai-on-the-Ganges Public Relations man, who used to come over and laugh politely at Father's postcards when we were living in the llama sty on the main street, before he got into all that trouble and we moved into the Pagoda. Ramona was a tall, well-built girl with a pale blue face and red-and-white-striped eyes, and under the conditions of the will she was never to do work which required concentration for any given period of time. All of us children worshipped her; my brother brought her a barber-pole one day from nearby Rangoon to match her eyes. This annoyed my sister Eileen only slightly but it infuriated my sister Jane, who was in love with my brother at the time and also needed a barber-pole to tease our nanny-goat with. Our nanny-goat was the only concession mother ever made to live in an attic at Buckingham Palace. It had escaped from Japanese-held Formosa just before the Lindbergh crossing, and it was our constant friend and companion during those troubled years. Later on, the nanny-goat grew despondent, and we finally had to abandon it when we moved south to the Antarctic and the Igloo. But in 1932, I remember my mother asking the nanny-goat why it was so happy in the old Pagoda, and how we all knew what the nanny-goat couldn't express, that it hadn't yet sensed the ominous gathering of the clouds of war.

Once a year, in those days, we all went down to the annual flea-picking festival in the lower Punjab. Those were great occasions indeed, and we talked of nothing else for at least a half hour before we left. Father would object, because he said the festival made him want to scratch himself; but my brother wanted to see the fleas and my sister Jane wanted to see John Gunther and somehow we always went. Aunt Clothilde would go in front, carrying her pince-nez and my Great-Aunt Rosalind in a paper bag, then all of us children would follow single-file, with Ramona piggy-back on my brother's shoulders and my Great-Uncle Andrew piggy-back on the nanny-goat. Mother and my father would bring up the rear and every now and then we could hear Mother's soft, low giggle as she whispered, "Henry! Not on the way to the flea-picking festival!" The festival was a colorful affair. We always went to tea with the Minister from the Kazak U.S.S.R., who had met Mother once in Sinkiang just before the communists took over. The Kazak Minister was a remarkable man. Father would sit in a corner scratching himself while my brother and my sisters and I would play "boxing match," pitting my Great-Uncle Andrew and the nanny-goat against each other. Mother and the Minister would talk over old times in Sinkiang, and every

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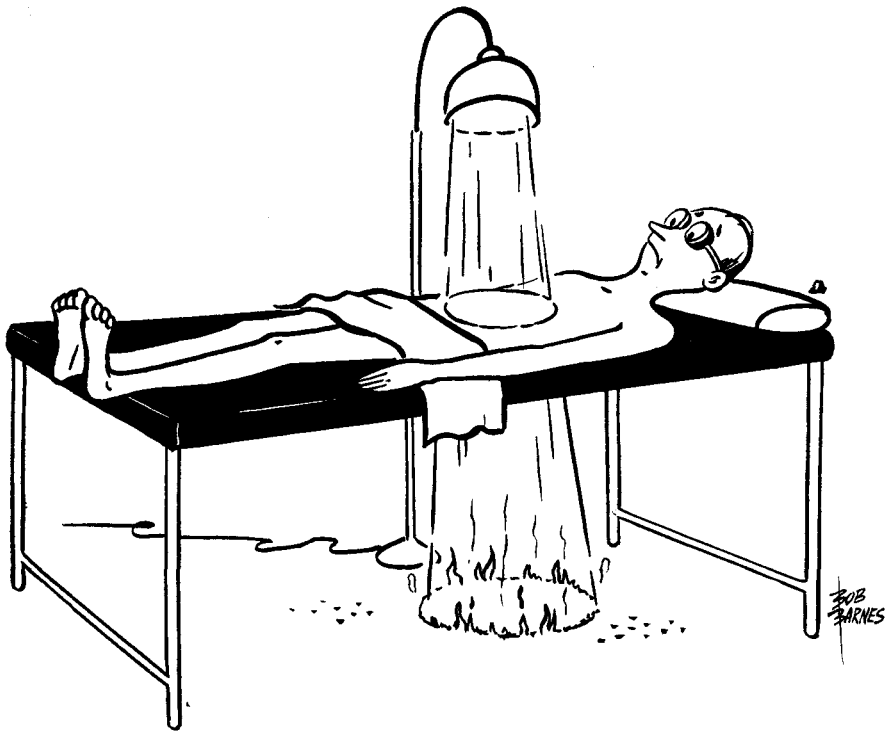


now and then we could hear Mother laugh and her sweet throaty voice saying, "Ivan! Not in front of my husband and my servant Ramona!"

I was sorry when we left Shanghai-on-the-Ganges, though I could hear the low rumbling threat of war creeping over from Mount Everest with the Aurora Borealis. Things are not the same in the little igloo where we are living now and even Mother, though it is difficult to believe under the circumstances, is in quite a psychological sweat-box every now and then because of homesickness. I caught her once not long ago, peeking through the ice-blocks with Aunt Clothilde's pince-nez pinching her nose, and though she didn't say so, I knew she was looking back towards the Punjab and seeing in her mind the soft aquamarine tint on Ramona's face as we left her, lying on the steps of the old Pagoda with one of Father's postcards between her teeth. . . .

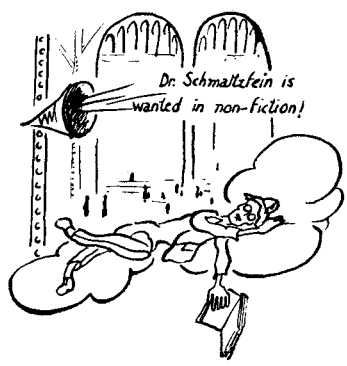
A GROUP OF EMINENT publishers and editors at luncheon was baffled by the question: Name four living ex-Vice Presidents of the United States. After deep concentration, they came up with three: Dawes, Garner, and Wallace. The fourth stumped them completely. Fellow named Truman. . . . One of the newer book clubs commissioned a famous research organization to ascertain trends in the taste of present-day book buyers. In due course the report was filed. The public, it seems, shows every evidence of continuing to be a pushover for books specializing in (one) sex, and (two) religion and faith. This report was not only very accurate and very expensive, but could have been obtained gratis from the third assistant clerk in any bookstore in the United States. . . . From Kennebunk comes the story that Booth Tarkington was asked via long-distance phone to act as master of ceremonies at the burial services of a deceased political bigwig. "Where is he going to be buried?," he inquired. "He's going to be cremated," was the answer. "You don't want a master of ceremonies," decided Tarkington. "You want a toastmaster." . . .

KEN McCORMICK, back from the wars, resumes his post as editor-in-chief of Doubleday, and Lee Barker becomes executive editor. In non-technical terms, this means that Ken will be responsible in general for shepherding manuscripts into the house, and Lee will take over after they get there. The Doubleday organization is becoming so big that it takes something like Eisenhower's General Headquarters to administer it. One wag calls it a "Van Cartel." . . . Nelson Doubleday recently wined and dined a group of the country's most important publishers at the Piping Rock Club. A lady at a nearby table was overheard *telling* her companion, "Those are all employees of Mr. Doubleday." She added in a more dubious tone, "I guess they're very smart, but you'd never guess it to look at them." . . .

AN AGENT FROM the Disney Studios had the happy inspiration to approach Jim Thurber for the picture rights to "The White Deer." Playing his cards close to the chest, he opened the interview by declaring, "Mr. Disney's pictures are artistic triumphs, but would you believe that, outside of 'Snow White,' he rarely makes a dime out of them?" Thurber leaned over and said earnestly, "Let's get one thing straight at the start. I am *not* going to lend Walt Disney any money."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



THE OTHER DAY I walked into a bookstore because they look sort of gay compared with haberdashers and pipestores, and anyway, if you have to go into a funeral parlor, Penn Station is as good as any place to escape from the main waiting room of by going into a bookstore until the Pittsburgh train which is always late arrives. Breathe deeply, please.

And then I remembered I wanted a book, but I couldn't remember the name. With so many books being published, book titles are bound to suggest other book titles. (You know: **The Dreamers** looked out of **The West Window** at **The Black Rose.**) Well, anyway, I said, "I'm looking—" and the salesgirl reached around with her right hand and took the words out of my mouth. "Yes," I said, "but I can't —" "remember the title," she said.

I mean, it's so confusing, this business of titles. Is it **Primer for Antique White Folks** by BUCKLIN MOON, or is it perhaps by BOOK LIN MOON, that eminent Chinese philosopher who wrote about his **Chinese Wife—or did he?** At this the salesgirl scratched her left earlobe with her pencil.

You can see how confusing it was, and so could the salesgirl. She called the floorwalker, Mr. Enquist, but he was out to lunch. And then she asked if there was a doctor in Penn Station, and you should have heard how booming it sounded over the big station loudspeakers. They said, "Train for Elizabeth Altoona, and Doctor Schmaltzfein is wanted in non-fiction." And then I passed out. When I revived, I found I was sitting right here, with this week's column to do. And so I decided to write about it honestly just as it happened, just in case somebody might think I was trying to conceal what really lies behind this column in the interests of advertising or something.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Strictly Personal

"YOU ARE A CHEAP CAD," HE SAID.

THERE died in San Diego, California, one day not long ago, a tall, white-maned old gentleman listed in the telephone directory as Gilbert Patten. He was almost eighty, and he had long outlived his day, for to millions of middle-aged Americans he was Burt L. Standish, creator of the peerless Frank Merriwell, and Frank had died a long time before. I can think of no other fictional characters so real to my generation as those who peopled the Merriwell saga.

Today's sons and grandsons have never heard of the Merriwell boys, for they are deader even than the Alger heroes, and several attempts at resuscitation proved dismally futile. Yet the Merriwell story called for 208 books, and their total printings, as nearly as can be ascertained, ran to 125,000,000 copies. That would put them up, or down, into the Horatio Alger class. Their heyday came near the end of the Alger period. For eighteen years first Frank, then his younger brother Dick, lived, breathed, and won games for Yale college, and spurned the unspeakable Harvard cads as they did alcohol, cigarets, and coffee. I am a little surprised that the great university in New Haven never saw fit to grant an honorary degree to the non-Eli who gave Yale more favorable publicity than did any of its graduates.

Although I never got to Yale, my heart was set on going there and my reason was not William Graham Sumner, nor Billy Phelps, nor even Ted Coy. It was because Frank Merriwell had been a student there. I knew, of course, that the Merriwell stories were fiction and that fiction was somehow or other not really true, yet I could not get out of my mind that somewhere there simply must be a genuine Frank Merriwell, complete with keen gray eyes, strong chin, muscles of steel, and a heart of gold. And fearless too!

"You are a cheap cad," Frank told the big overdressed bully. That bully was a Harvard cad, too. Almost any volume of the Merriwell series was a libel on Harvard and all it contained.

Frank Merriwell first appeared in 1896, in Top-Top Weekly, a five-cent "dime novel" established specifically for the Merriwell saga by the venerable firm of Street & Smith, New York. In that first story Frank was a student at a fictitious preparatory school named Fardale Academy. He seemed, then as later, to be often suffering from sprained ankles, broken hands, and one thing and another, but he was always ready with the three-base hit in the ninth inning, no matter how dreadful the injury. Going on to Yale in due course, he naturally became the finest athlete there, and there, in addition to more sprained ankles, he had to contend with the crooked men of Harvard, and to lesser degree the crooked men of Brown, Amherst, Dartmouth, and other lowlife and gangster-ridden colleges, all of whom were bent on getting Frank drunk, or drugged, or kidnapped just before the Big Game, either football or baseball. Or, they might simply try to bribe him to throw the contest.

It was all the same in the end, and the end was a glorious Yale victory over the slimy imps of Cambridge or wherever, and against practically insuperable odds.

When by the very nature of college, Frank at last had to leave Yale—taking all of the scholastic honors at graduation—Dick Merriwell was about to enter good old Fardale Academy. Dick followed more or less in his brother's footsteps, although he was never quite so popular, even though he pitched with either hand and the bewildered batters never knew which way the ball would curve; whereas Frank, a straight hight-hander, had to get along as best he could with a ball that merely leaped a foot above its natural trajectory just as the batter took swing. Incidentally, more than one youth of my generation like to have thrown his arm from its socket in attempts to get a baseball to jump like a startled rabbit in the Frank Merriwell manner.

Both Merriwells, you may be certain, performed as fullbacks on the gridiron. They stroked the varsity crews. In field and track, either of the Merriwell boys commonly entered in the 100-yard dash, the quarter mile, the mile, pole vault, the broad and high jumps, and the weight throwing. If at the last minute some slicker added a discus throw to the program, thinking thus to beat a Merriwell in one event, Frank picked up the big plate, cuddled it a moment in his arm, then tossed it to hell and gone.

No, sir, there was just no stopping the Merriwell boys. When both had finally emerged from college, they went around the world with a baseball team, doing a little big-game hunting on the side, being captured by savages, and having other adventures. Accompanying them, in school and out, were a set of characters whose names are sure to light up the eye of graying Americans today. Harry Rattleton (he stuttered), Ephraim Gallup (Vermont farm boy), Barney Mulloy (with full Hibernian accent), Bart Hodge, Bruce Browning—these were as real to us as Frank himself. Nor was Frank wholly without biological urge. One week it was dark Inza Burrage, again it was blonde Elsie Bellwood. (Frank went so far as to "embrace" them.) Looking back on these love affairs, it would seem that Frank played the two girls against each other for the best part of eighteen years. At last they married. I forget Dick's girl, but Frank married the handsome Inza, at about the time World War I got under way. Interest in the Merriwell boys petered out with tragic swiftness. By the end of the war they had been forgotten.

The Merriwells' creator was born Gilbert Patten in 1866, in Corinna, Maine. His father wanted him to be a carpenter and thus earn the stupendous wages of $2.50 a day. Young Gil wanted to write, and he was barely seventeen when he sold his first short story, "A Bad Man," to Beadle & Adams of New York for six dollars. He never wrote another short story. His next effort was a short novel, for which he received a check for seventy-five dollars. His next was a bit longer and brought one hundred and fifty dollars, and he became a regular contributor to the Beadle & Adams tripe factory.

For the next twelve years he ground out a 20,000-word novel a week for the house, chiefly Westerns. He moved to New York for a while, and made a trip through the Far West. In 1895 he returned to Maine and settled down in Camden. Here in that year he received a long letter from O. G. Smith, president of Street & Smith, just then engaged in taking the dime-novel field away from Beadle, asking him to consider a new series built around an American youth attending a preparatory school, who should finally go to

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college. The basic idea was a type of story which should inspire American youth to high ideals in the field of sport and life generally.

Patten told me, in his old age, that the moment he got the letter from Smith he knew that this was to be his field. He had long since tired of the absurdities of the Western story and was ready for absurdities in some other line. He wrote Smith, agreeing to turn out a 20,000-word story a week for fifty dollars. "Frank Merriwell; or, First Days at Fardale" was the first story. It must have been the answer to Mr. Smith's prayer for something to print. For the next decade and a half S & S printed Tip-Tops by the million; and every little while they reset the Merriwell stories in smaller format and put two of them together to make a volume in the Medal Library, price ten cents.

Tip Top Weekly was grouped, in the ignorant minds of preachers and school teachers of the time, with the other so-called dime novels, like Nick Carter Weekly, Jesse James Weekly, Young Wild West, and Buffalo Bill. This was not fair, for Tip-Top stood alone. It also stood for all manly attributes, less alcohol, tobacco, and unorthodox amour, which were banned not because they were immoral of themselves, but because they prevented an athlete from doing his best.

> "I do not use liquor," Frank's voice remained on an even keel, "and I will thank you to put away that flask. Don't you know that you can't drink *that* and play good baseball?"

Tip-Top should have been excepted from the general run of dime novels. No boys ran away from home, or tried to hold up a passenger train from anything suggested in the Merriwell series. And in time most parents came to recognize the divergence, and Tip-Top was brought into the parlor from the haymow. Patten told me he had received at least 50,000 letters, many from parents, commenting on the fine qualities of the Merriwell boys.

When the Merriwells finally were done, Patten tried to follow with a Cliff Sterling. Cliff got the brush-off; the kids wouldn't have him. Nor would they accept a Rex Kingdon. So, Patten edited a pulp magazine successfully for a few years. He wrote a play much used by amateurs. He tried again to hit the juvenile fancy by dredging up a Frank Merriwell Junior. But the old magic had gone. It had gone, too, when the movies made a Merriwell series; and when radio tried out the former great Yale athlete. Then, in 1941, Patten brought out a full-length book, "Mr. Frank Merriwell," in which the original Frank was brought down to date as a middle-aged citizen. Few people bought or read it.

When I knew him, Mr. Patten was in his early seventies. Tall and tanned, of rugged build, his great leonine head would have made a superb model for the head of a Mountain Man, or a Pioneer. He seemed always to be in good humor, and if he ever complained because a new generation would not accept his wares, I never heard him. His sense of humor was immense; and, with a Maine accent untouched by forty years of living in all parts of the United States, he could tell Down East stories that had the full and the genuine flavor.

The last time I saw him, I asked the old gentleman why his later stories did not catch on. He knew the answer. "It was," he said, "because I was too old to know what sort of youth the present younger generation admires and looks up to. I tried to find out, but never did. And I don't know yet."

STEWART HOLBROOK.

Flier's Vision

By Irene Wilde

THE falcon will return to wear his hood,
But I am weaned from earth and will not rest
Content again upon its level nest.
The taste of altitude is in my blood.
My hunger now is whetted to explore
Frontiers of air till space before me crawls
To but the distance that a feather falls
From some gull's wing upon a windy shore.

And I shall climb to meet the wild blue yonder
From mutilated air with taint of death.
I shall go singing to the sun and higher
Till I have charted latitudes of thunder,
With space a bubble broken by my breath,
And time a pearl dissolved in my desire.

Rutgers UNIVERSITY PRESS

It didn't start with Vansittart

KARL MARX is credited with having denied that he was a Marxist. We've often wondered whether Lord Vansittart has ever been tempted to deny being a Vansittartist — considering how frequently his name is invoked by the proponents of the "kill 'em all" solution to the German problem. Yet, whether he likes it or not, Vansittart is and will no doubt remain the symbol of anti-Germanism the world over.

But we have an author who beat Vansittart to the punch by 100 years; Britisher Thomas Hood had the Germans' number back in the 1840's. THE LETTERS OF THOMAS HOOD,[1] written from Coblenz long before Bismarck sowed the seeds of Hitlerism, were a preview of the German mentality as the Nazis later expressed it.

Hood's criticism differed from that of Vansittart, who would probably sigh with relief if only the much-ballyhooed mystical German mind could learn that morals have as vital a place in politics as in metaphysics—a principle admirably set forth in BISHOP BUTLER: *Moralist and Divine.*[2]

Hood would still be dissatisfied because of the way the Germans cut down trees—because of the way they look at little things. The sources of his irritation were of a very personal nature, based on daily experience while he lived in Germany. Yet his writings afford us a candid close-up of the mentality responsible for all the things, big and small, that the Germans have done as a nation. He summed up his opinion of the country by saying it reminded him of his boyhood in Dundee. The Germans, he announced, have all the vices of the Scotch and most of their peculiarities, but not enough of their virtues to make up for it.

Despite his antipathy for Germany, Hood made many friends in Coblenz. He might well have agreed with the German author who complained that although the individual German was admirable and the German nation worthless, all Germans believe the reverse to be true.

Being a man who paid attention to things minute as symptoms of things basic, Hood was particularly pained because the Germans referred to the rickets as *The English Complaint.* Now, there are many points on which we disagree with Mr. Hood, and this is one of them. To our way of thinking, *The English Complaint* is justified revenge—by the Germans in behalf of the non-English-speaking world—for *Indian giver, French leave,* and *Dutch treat.*

1. LETTERS OF THOMAS HOOD. *From the Dilke Collection in the British Museum. Edited by Leslie A. Marchand, $2.00*

2. BISHOP BUTLER: *Moralist and Divine. By William J. Norton, Jr., $3.75*

At all bookstores
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Brunswick, N. J.

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Words and Pictures about China

FOREVER CHINA. By Robert Payne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 573 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by EMILY HAHN

BY the time one has reached the five hundredth or so page of Mr. Payne's book, one knows him pretty well. Well enough at any rate to hazard a guess as to the manner in which his choice was made for a title. Considering the other "Forever" book, which has lately made publishing history, the similarity of titles is a grotesque joke, and it is that very humor which may possibly have attracted Mr. Payne to his choice.

Never believe the publisher's blurb. He may possibly be right, but the possibility is remote. After all, the war has made everything, including the publishing business, so profitable that you can't expect people to read all the manuscripts they are publishing very carefully. They just wouldn't have time. Even with this book, obviously one of the white hopes of its publishers' list for the season, the man who wrote the blurb didn't have time to get acquainted with his writer. It is left for the public to do that, and they will, and they won't have to depend on the blurb on the back of the dust-cover, either. Fortunately, because the inside of the book is much better than the promise made on the outside. If I hadn't had to review the volume I might have put off reading it indefinitely, not that the blurb made it sound unattractive, but it did give an impression of the sort of book one has read before so many times that one could easily forego the pleasure just one more time. According to the blurb Mr. Payne is "a correspondent with a talent for being in the crucial places at the crucial moments of this war (he was in Spain with the government forces when they crossed the Ebro, in Vienna when Hitler invaded Austria, in Singapore when the Pacific war broke out, and at the Changsha front as *London Times* correspondent in the vital days of 1942) . . ." If I were called upon to reply to that statement I would say, "So what?" Nor do I think I am exceptional in being just a little tired of the usual personal history of a war correspondent.

I'm trying to say in fewer words than I seem to have used that Mr. Payne is not only better and more than that; he is *different*. This book is his diary, no doubt rewritten since the first time he made his entries, picked over and weeded out and added to. It is exquisitely careful now. There is nothing slapdash about it. It is nearly poetry in an unselfconscious way which is peculiarly *not* American. Only the British know how to use our language as if they loved it for its music as well as for the ideas it can express, and Mr. Payne is one of the more fortunate heirs to his country's tongue. No, I don't mean to be quite so severe as all that. We have our poets too, but the British have—all of them—a little poetry, and we haven't.

The value of Mr. Payne's record of his experiences lies in the sort of experience he cares to record. He is more fascinated by the adventure of the mind and the heart than he is in the melodramatic incidents of the war. A happier choice could not have been made for professor in a Chinese university. He was surely meant by Providence to penetrate China's interior, for only one out of a hundred people could savor the beauty of life in Chungking during the past few years. He is a hardy traveller who can see and love this beauty through the ugliness of material poverty and discomfort that surrounds the spirit of China during her eight years' travail.

There is in the Chinese skeleton a strength which is delicate yet intense. No one who has seen the hands of the Chinese people, whether they be students, masters, or rickshaw coolies, will ever forget them. This strength is somehow characteristic of Robert Payne's writing too. It is useless and pointless to describe it; quotation is better. One can pick almost any page at random to show my meaning: "In China autumn is the season of the dead, but autumn mornings are more beautiful than other mornings. The river lay below us, white in the misty thickness of green pines and evergreens, and the yellow gorges glinted in the sunlight."

The author says that he first went to China with a half-formed hope that he could forget the fairies and demons of his childhood's imaginary East. He has not, however, exorcised the mystic attraction that drew him out of the nursery, years ago, into the very center of that other world. He has added, indeed, to the mythology and the magnetism of the stately pleasure-dome of dreams; he has written his whole long book in a gentle dream of light and shade, of color and grey nothingness, though here and there we are stirred to poignant waking moments by some apt translation of an ancient poem or a short, swift incident, or perhaps merely a two-sentence painting of some friend encountered in his questioning voyage.

Here is a talent so mature that I am uneasy, feeling that perhaps I alone in the reading world have so far missed it. Anyone who cares for words and pictures will care very much for Mr. Payne. Do not be misled, though, by that blurb. This is not a book it is impossible to put down. It is a book to be read slowly, in occasional draughts, as one reads most poetry. It is a book quite possible to put down and more possible to pick up, again and again. After all, that is food, that is literature. The other sort of thing is merely temporary excitement.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

HORSEBACK RIDERS IN SONG AND STORY

The Rev. Henry Mitchell, of Wayne, Pennsylvania, is the author of this week's quiz, which deals with noted horseback riders of literature. Allowing 5 points for each rider you can identify and another 5 for the writer who celebrated him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 46.

1. By taking a short but spectacular ride through Coventry, this lovely lady succeeded in relieving the citizens from unjust taxation.
2. On the fastest horse in the countryside, this gallant knight rode away with the bride of another man.
3. This linen draper rode a borrowed horse on a wedding anniversary outing but didn't get there because the horse ran away with him.
4. Pursued by angry witches, this intoxicated rider raced his grey mare toward a bridge over running water and barely made it by a length.
5. This mentally unbalanced knight and his squire rode about the country accoutered in patched up armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather.
6. Riding a borrowed plough horse, this lanky schoolmaster was chased by an apparition and was never seen again.
7. This trio of riders, bearing important news, galloped without rest from moonset to high noon of the following day.
8. Finding himself in difficulties, this outlaw set a record in racing from London Town to York on his mare, Black Bess.
9. He was dressed in tin armor, carried a great deal of odd equipment, and was continually falling off his horse.
10. Bearing tidings of invasion, he galloped through an April night from Boston to Medford, Lexington, Concord, and points west.

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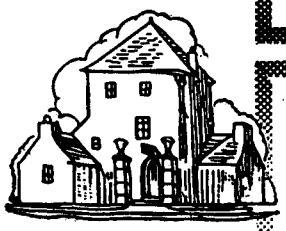

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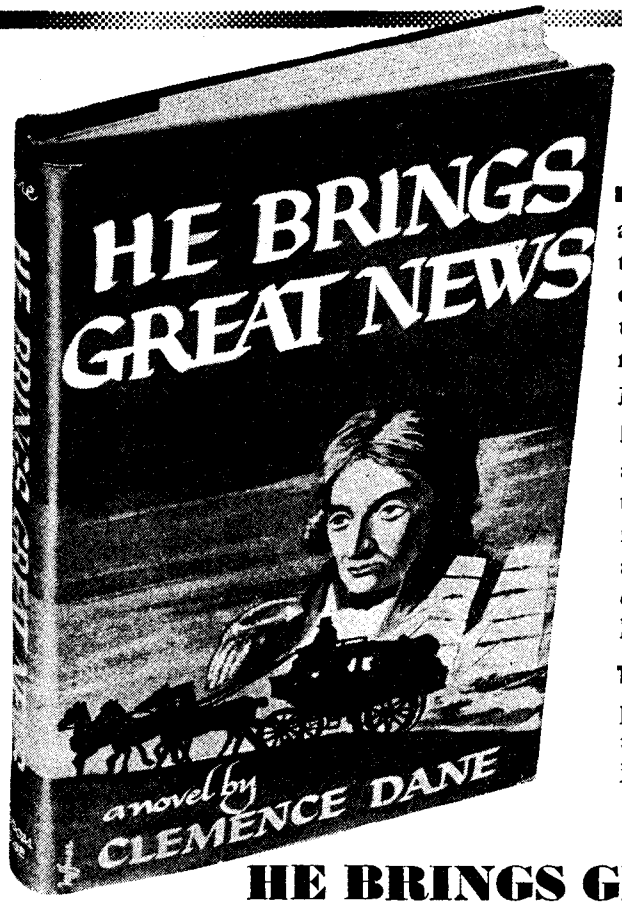

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NEW YORKER: "This admirable novel . . . is a beautifully told, exciting narrative pulsing with the breath of life—a quality we have almost ceased to look for in current historical romances."

TIME: "A deft literary costume piece on the bearer of one of the greatest messages in England's history." *$2.50*

HE BRINGS GREAT NEWS

A novel by CLEMENCE DANE

author of BROOME STAGES and A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT

The City of Trembling Leaves

by WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK

author of THE OX-BOW INCIDENT

CHICAGO NEWS: "To read this story is to be young again . . . Seldom indeed does one have the good fortune to encounter anything like the poignancy and the sheer artistry with which Clark is able to evoke time-sharpened memories of childhood, youth and early manhood."

STERLING NORTH: "I have seldom been so moved since reading *Of Human Bondage.*"

BOSTON GLOBE: "American in all its implications, this book is big, full of beauty and hope. It is the record of an American boy's torments and thrills, his slow maturing, his inhibitions, his aspirations." *690 pages, $3.00*

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The German-Irish in Charleston

THREE O'CLOCK DINNER. By Josephine Pinckney. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 296 *pp.* $2.50

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

LIKE most good comedies Josephine Pinckney's Charleston novel, "Three O'Clock Dinner," has overtones of tragedy. That ancient and charming city, set on a tongue of land between two rivers, is at war with itself; the old families, with their cool, distinguished houses and lovely gardens, are being pushed against the wall by aggressive newcomers who care little about traditions and who resent the manners of the descendents of Civil War plantation owners, generals, and statesmen. The author does not take sides; she is as understanding of the prolific German-Irish family whose exuberant daughter causes all the mischief as she is of the embattled upper class from which she herself has descended. Indeed, her deft touches of irony are reserved for her own kind. She shows the reader only a corner of the city; two families, the Redcliffs who have come down in the world financially but whose pride has stiffened with adversity, and the Hessenwinkles, whose house, stuffed with children, thrusts its vulgar back yard into the sedate premises of the old Redcliff mansion.

The Hessenwinkles have a daughter, Lorena, who is thirty-five, confesses to thirty, and was born to attract males of any sort. The Redcliff's oldest son died before the story begins, leaving his wife empty and unfulfilled and obsessed by her love for him. Judith does not know that in the months wasted by illness in her two years of happy marriage, Fenn had had an affair with Lorena and that a boy had been born to them secretly who was being brought up in a distant city. The clash between the two young women and their families breaks up the formal dinner arranged by the Fenwicks to celebrate the run-away marriage of their younger son with Lorena, who hadn't exactly seduced him as she had his dead brother, but who would have done so if it had been necessary.

Miss Pinckney has elaborated her story of family conflicts with all the arts at her command. She has turned it into a study of character, climaxed in one volcanic chapter that is both comedy and stark tragedy. Lucian, the bachelor uncle of the Fenwick boys, is the story-teller; witty, greedily curious, a little malicious and indolent, he could be produced only by an old and dying aristocracy. Judith belongs to her class, too; over-refined, too angular for beauty, too reserved for warmth, she is, nevertheless, pure woman and, when she has to fight for the memory of her lost love, she can cast aside her hard shell of reticence. The rest of the Redcliffs are convincing but not unfamiliar types, on whom the author has used less loving detail; the dumpy and implacable grandmother who knows the secret of Lorena's buried love affair, the boy's rigid mother, and his somewhat dull father who has to keep the old house going and who has never recovered from the loss of his cherished son.

All of this upper-crust family have, in fact, an air of futility, as if their blood was of less than normal temperature. The reader wonders what they are clinging to, after all. They are not bemused by their old houses, for they are aware of the inadequacy of their plumbing, and the younger generation yearns to move to chromium and plate-glass real estate developments further out of town. It is not even their ancestry, or their lost plantations, for they are too intelligent to listen any longer to the drum-beats of the Civil War. It is certainly not because they are still enjoying the privileges of caste, because that seems to have departed with the First World War and the depression. The approaching thunder of another world war only slightly interferes with the enjoyment of their static unhappiness. They cannot live wholeheartedly in their world, or descend to the livelier market place, though Uncle Lucian plays at real estate and young Tat works at filling stations.

And yet "Three O'Clock Dinner" is not designed to be a satire of the author's own people; she loves and sympathizes with them too much to take the button off her rapier. The Hessenwinkles provide the comedy relief, untinged by pathos. They murder the King's English; they are pleasantly gross, but they have the vitality that the Redcliffs have lost. Their house, with its children, its fat upholstery, and massive kitchen machinery, is warm and glowing, a constant reproof to the barren and chastely furnished rooms of the Redcliff mansion. The Hessenwinkle parents are fat, bursting with hearty German food; the Redcliff males are aristocratically lean. The Hessenwinkles have a reason for existence, and they are a real part of the city, for they are involved and profit by its politics, however shady. In fact, Uncle Lucian has the fantastic idea that the Redcliffs will profit most by this marriage since the back-street influence of Lorena's family might give them the political prestige they had lost long ago.

When the blow finally comes and Lorena brutally announces that she is the mother of the older Redcliff's child, Judith is the only one to profit by it, for she adopts her husband's boy and presumably will be able to fill her empty life with his care. But though Lorena retreats to another city, the reader feels that the common family across the back-yard has won the battle. One child has gone wrong, but there are many others. The rest are neither defeated nor stagnant. They are rising and will inherit with others like them whatever they want of the city, even the tranquil old houses and the wealth, or whatever wealth is still to be inherited, of the uneasy ghosts who stand in their way.

—*Arni*

Josephine Pinckney "does not take sides."

Cadence

By Marion Lineaweaver

UP and down the world I go,
The music hushed upon my mouth.
I seek it in the lyric snow
And on the green wind of the south.

And by the seas that keen and toss
And hurl their surf inside my breast
Until I run the earth across
From daybreak to the lilac west.

The semicircle of tomorrow
Looks inflexible as glass;
I turn, therefore, and bid my sorrow
Hearken to the growing grass,

Hoping that pastorale so slight
My lovely, stricken song will mend,
And in this tall, melodic night
Release the cadence of the end.

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Mrs. Woolf's Art

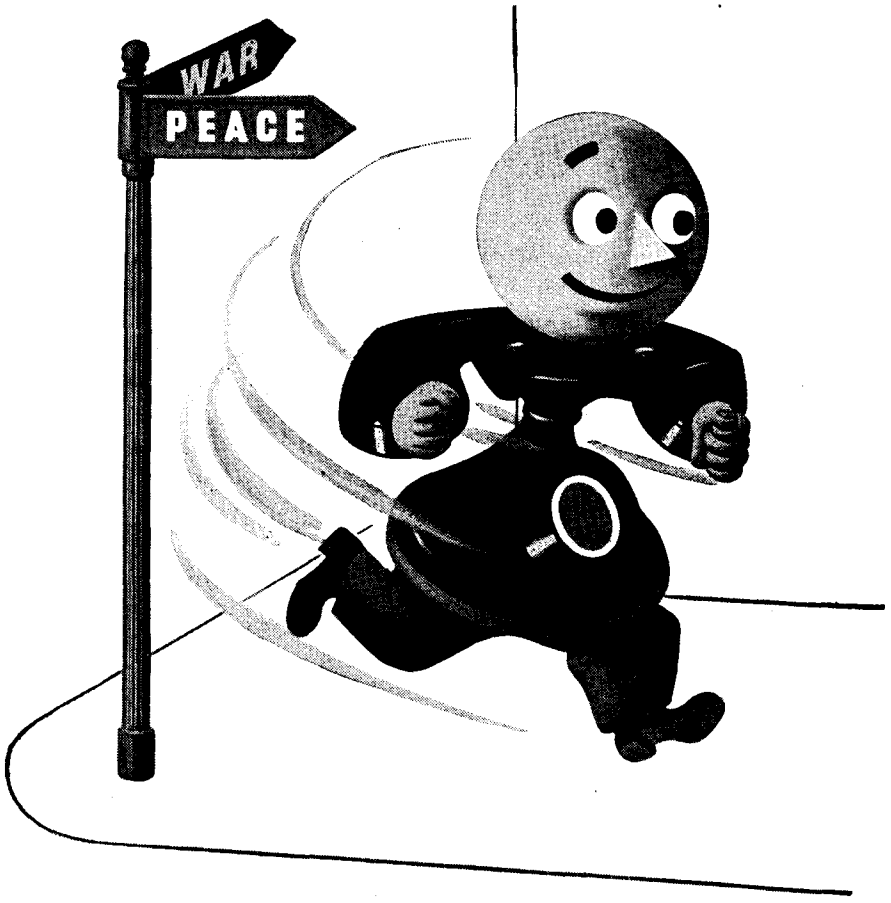
VIRGINIA WOOLF: Her Art as a Novelist. By Joan Bennett. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 150 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ERIC BENTLEY

THIS little book is advertised as at once a study of Virginia Woolf's genius and an anthology exemplifying it. In other words Mrs. Joan Bennett has not only written six chapters on such topics as The Form of the Novels, Morals and Values, Stories and Sequences, Characters and Human Beings; she has also spaced out her exegesis with frequent and lengthy quotations. The result is a book with many amiable qualities. It is neat, elegant, and highly readable. Mrs. Bennett writes with charm, modesty, and a deep love of her subject.

It must be clear from this description that, although Mrs. Bennett teaches at Cambridge University, she has little in common with the "Cambridge school" of criticism whose chief representatives are I. A. Richards, William Empson, and F. R. Leavis. She is closer to the Cambridge "esthetes" such as George Rylands. F. L. Lucas, and Rosamond Lehmann, the last-named of whom has praised Mrs. Bennett's book rather more effusively than I could honestly do. "It is difficult to imagine a more admirable introduction to the novels of Virginia Woolf," she wrote when the book appeared in London. "Mrs. Bennett has a critic's best and rarest qualities: absence of preconceived theory, a clear and sensitive style in prose, total concentration on her subject." Well: Mrs. Bennett certainly has these qualities. The question is: are they a critic's rarest and best? If he is writing ingratiating introductions for the general reader, they very likely are. Mrs. Bennett's book is an admirable thing for *those who have not yet read Virginia Woolf*. Let them all read it! For those who *have* read Virginia Woolf it is all very pleasant and cultivated; but perhaps there is not much in it that the pleasant and cultivated reader has not already discovered for himself; he may even wish Mrs. Bennett had been more influenced by her neighbors of the more severely analytic "Cambridge school."

Even as an introduction this is not an absolutely necessary book. Virginia Woolf is easy enough to read without introduction if you start with the essays and then read the novels in chronological order. Moreover a very good introduction was published by New Directions three years ago: "Virginia Woolf," by David Daiches, who is probably a sharper critic than Mrs. Benneft and has a wider knowledge of modern fiction.



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Western Electric, our manufacturing company, is setting up every machine it has that will make telephone equipment.

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Even that will not give service to every one who wants it in that time. There are places where we have complicated switchboards to install — even places where we must build new buildings for the new switchboards.

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How Publishers Convert for Peace

Conversion to peace in the publishing industry is a soul-wrenching operation. The ad copywriter who thought up all the reasons why the books his firm published were of interest to a nation at war has to think of just as many reasons why just the same books are of interest to men at peace.

He has to retool the River Rouge plant that men who make light of his problem call his mind. He has to get the automatic, self-feeding breast-beater and the new patent side-splitter and the idea-grinder taken down and set up in different places. Then at last when he throws the switch that sets his mountain of Rube Goldberg patents to producing mice once more, he finds that the mouse of peace is no different from the mouse of war. The nation's objectives haven't changed. We fought the war to keep the peace, and we try to keep the peace to keep the peace, and finally, unlike a newspaper or a periodical, a good book is written not for the day but for the decade and it is good any time.

So without apology Houghton Mifflin presents its first peace-time list with a backward glance at its last war-time list —

The Spring List

LOOKING FOR A BLUEBIRD *by Joseph Wechsberg*
The New York Times said of this tender, wacky book about a sea-faring second fiddler, "utterly inconsequential, delirious, and delightful." $2.50

WRITTEN IN SAND *by Josephine Young Case*
A desert victory of the 19th century and a lyric testament to the young American spirit. $2.00

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A first novel in which Billiard Hollow is exactly and tenderly delineated. $2.75

Fall List

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A new author to the HMCo list who has started off with a bang. Adoption and a three months' sale of 75,000 copies. $2.50

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"Mr. La Farge has attempted and achieved a new kind of biography; he has attempted to view himself and his experiences as the raw material of his own work. . . . It is both a document in literary development and an honest record in self-growth." —*Howard Mumford Jones, N. Y. Times.* $3.00

AGAINST THESE THREE *by Stuart Cloete*
A new combining of history and biography that throws a bright light on the problems of today. $3.50

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Seeing Things

MORE WINGS FOR GOD'S CHILLUN

WHEN he saw "All God's Chillun Got Wings," Irvin S. Cobb is supposed to have said, "If they play Paducah, they'll need 'em."

That was twenty-two years ago.

I mention Mr. O'Neill's study of miscegenation for two reasons. First, because there was a line in it I cannot forget. Second, because I have just seen "Deep Are the Roots," * which is one of the most provocative statements of the problem offered by the whites to the Negroes, and the Negroes to the whites, to have been produced in our theatre since Mr. O'Neill's play.

The line in "All God's Chillun," which still haunts me, came in the concluding scene. The white girl, who had ruined her Negro husband's life, was wondering if God could ever forgive her for what she had done. The Negro replied, "Maybe He can forgive you for what you have done to me; and maybe He can forgive me what I have done to you; but I don't see how He is going to forgive Himself."

When I first heard it, and for some years thereafter, this line struck me as being both poignant and profound Since then, however, I have come to see it only as an example of the kind of buck-passing at which most of us were content to be adroit.

It transferred to realms celestial a responsibility which on this earth, and in this country, is unquestionably ours. It did not indicate what we might do; it merely abandoned hope because of what God had done. Instead of condemning men for their failure to face a problem presented to them by God, it blamed God for having tested them with such a problem. It was the ultimate in negation; a lament not a challenge.

At least "Deep Are the Roots" can claim the positive virtue of leaving God out of the picture. It is to our consciences, not to divine interference, that it makes its appeal—our consciences, our decency, our enlightenment, and our sense of outrage. Solutions do not come within its province. The fact that its abuses are ancient abuses, and that in reality it has nothing new to say, only adds to the power of its indictment. Its chosen job is to bludgeon us into thought and reappraisal. This it does with marked success. Because it holds our interest unflaggingly, by fair means no less than foul, as it confronts us with a problem which we cannot hope to dodge unless all our talk of democracy and equality, the Four Freedoms, etc., is fated to remain no more than the most hollow mockery.

In their play Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow at least give a new angle to familiar wrongs. They deal with a Negro lieutenant's return from the European theatre of war, where he has been treated as an equal, to the prejudices, restrictions, and humiliations of the Southern town in which he has grown up. Having shared with the whites the privilege of dying for his country, this Negro is now expected to return without protest to the underprivileged life of an "inferior race" in the country for which he was asked, and willing, to die.

One thing at a time is apt to be as safe a precept for playwrights as for anyone else. Unquestionably "Deep Are the Roots" would have gained in merit, had its authors been willing to write a single drama. But they have not. Instead of limiting themselves to the anguishing dilemma of the Negro lieutenant's homecoming, they have scattered their fire. They have thrown in a melodrama unsparing in its violence, a subplot reminiscent of "The Silver Cord," and an interracial love story which proves more arresting than credible.

The villain of their play, more accurately the man who finally proves the villain, is a reactionary old Southern Senator. At first he seems merely a benevolent anachronism, because in him the Old South is supposed to find its voice. Suddenly, however, it becomes clear that he is more scented with sulphur than magnolias. The truth is Mr. d'Usseau and Mr. Gow frame this Senator as surely as he frames the Negro lieutenant when he makes it seem as if the Negro boy has stolen his watch.

The Senator has two daughters. It is the older of these who, though full of emancipated phrases, suggests "The Silver Cord" theme by being unable, at the moment of the true testing, to break away from her father's domination. The younger daughter and the Negro lieutenant are used by the authors as their shock troops. They have been childhood friends, and now find themselves in love upon the lieutenant's return.

"It is good and healthy to have such a play as 'Deep Are the Roots' around."

They do not marry. But that such a girl, raised in such a household and in such a town, should fall in love with the lieutenant vitiates the real problem as much as it quickens the interest. A nation that has not yet put Jim Crowism behind it, mentally or actually, can scarcely pretend to be ready for intermarriage. The real problem is not whether the whites and the Negroes are willing to marry one another. It is whether the whites are ready to treat the Negroes as they themselves would like to be treated.

As was demonstrated when they dramatized the problems of Nazi youth in their earlier play "Tomorrow the World," the Messrs. d'Usseau and Gow are alert propagandists. They may stack the cards, but they know how to deal their hands so that the kibitzers sitting out front hold their breath. It is neither surprising nor regrettable that clubs should be their trumps. They use these without mercy. They have something to say which so screams to be said that they are not to be blamed too severely for screaming themselves as they say it. Although it is easy enough to find technical faults in their drama, it is impossible to deny the validity of its main theme or the fascination of its statement.

The production "Deep Are the Roots" has been given adds to the play's persuasion. Elia Kazan has directed it so that both the challenge of its theme and the vibrancy of its writing are released. Howard Bay has housed it appropriately in one of those Southern interiors which seem to make honeysuckle grow indoors. Charles Waldron is especially effective as the old Senator when the ultimate twists of the

DEEP ARE THE ROOTS, a play in three acts by Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow. Presented by Kermit Bloomgarden and George Heller. Staged by Elia Kazan. Setting by Howard Bay. With Helen Martin, Evelyn Ellis, Charles Waldron, Barbara Bel Geddes, Carol Goodner, Harold Vermilyea, Lloyd Gough, Gordon Heath, Andrew Leigh, George Dice, Douglas Rutherford. At the Fulton Theatre.

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His name is Al Schmid, and he lives in Philadelphia.

He's 26 years old—and since his discharge from the Marine Corps, he has married and had a baby boy.

He's a swell guy.

* * *

I met Al in his home town a few months ago. I'd been anxious to meet him, for two reasons:

One, I remembered the newspaper accounts of the heroism that won Al the Navy Cross.

Two, Warner Bros. had assigned me to play the part of Al Schmid in a picture. Naturally, I wanted to find out what the *real* Al Schmid was like.

Well, I found out. And then I knew why Warner Bros. was so concerned with making this picture one of the finest entertainments ever filmed.

Now the picture's finished and released. I hope you'll see it, if you haven't already. Because I think it's pretty important.

* * *

You see, Al got kind of knocked around that night on Guadalcanal. It did something to him. Inside and outside both.

And when you see PRIDE OF THE MARINES, I think it will help you to understand what the boys who go through that experience are up against when they come home—and how you can help them find the happiness they've earned.

I think you'll know, too, why Warner Bros. is known as the company that combines *"good picture-making with good citizenship"* . . . and why I'm glad to be part of that company.

John Garfield

I want you to meet a friend of mine

PRIDE OF THE MARINES

JOHN GARFIELD

ELEANOR PARKER · DANE CLARK

Directed by DELMER DAVES · Produced by JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Albert Maltz · Adaptation by Marvin Borowsky · From a Book by Roger Butterfield · Music by Franz Waxman

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plot do not overtax his frailty and our credulity. Evelyn Ellis acts the Negro lieutenant's mother with fire and dignity. And Gordon Heath plays the lieutenant with admirable reticence and intelligence.

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It is good and healthy to have such a play as "Deep Are the Roots" around. It deserves seeing and pondering. The more often what it seeks to say is said publicly, the better are our chances for putting our hypocrisies and inconsistencies behind us.

Countless novels have, of course, dealt with the race problem. They have spoken, however, to the solitary mind. And it is the mass, not the individual, mind which must be finally enlightened. When one remembers how cowardly even now both the radio and the motion pictures are when dealing with the dynamite of this subject, one can only be proud of the theatre for having the courage of its convinctions and not evading its public responsibilities. Whatever the faults of such an interesting play may be, it indicates that the theatre remains an adult institution.

The pity is that the South, and the South alone, must always serve as the conventional whipping-boy. That the South has many sins to answer for, no one can deny. Yet it is to be hoped that those who sit smugly before "Deep Are the Roots" in New York, blaming the South, and only the South, will have the honesty to look into their own consciences before they condemn. The real virtue of Mr. d'Usseau's and Mr. Gow's play is that it attacks not a state but a state of mind.

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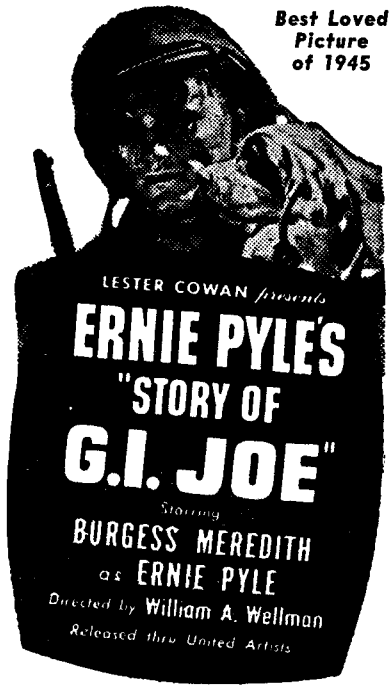
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BEWITCHED LANDS. By Adolfo Costa Du Rels. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

OSTENSIBLY this novel traces one skirmish in the international battle for oil: in this instance an expedition led by a Scotch oil prospector into the wild and uncharted Chaco region of Bolivia. But very soon another kind of battle develops, side by side with the maneuvering for economic wealth, and this second battle is seen to be the more significant, the more crucial for these times. It is nothing less than the struggle between oppression and liberalism, fought out in little but in entirety upon the lush jungle land of Don Pedro Vidal.

When Treweek, the prospector, comes upon Vidal's land and finds the plain signature of petroleum everywhere upon the ground, he settles there with the intent of getting samples out of the country, for testing and publicizing. But Vidal puts every obstacle in his way; he will not have that substance taken out of his ground, at whatever profit. Vidal is in every sense the dictator of that part of the Chaco. He possesses not only the land but the people upon it, over whose lives and destinies he rules with rigid and unquestioned despotism.

It is a regime of whim and the whip, which he wields with indiscriminate vigor upon his wife and son as well as the lowest laborer. His son is Don Carlos, a young officer who has studied in Paris, who has imbibed there, along with his education and his wine, those notions of individual liberty and popular democracy which seem treasonable to his father. And there the essential struggle is, between Don Pedro and Don Carlos, fought with a steadily increasing bitterness upon a broader and deeper field of battle, until finally everything else is forgotten, oil, Scotch prospector, family, and the duel is all, to its violent finish. Yet it is never a purely personal thing. Both antagonists know full well, and express clearly, the elements of life and thought they represent, and upon the outskirts may be seen the other pawns of the game, the Indians, the landowners, the women, the vaqueros, crowding in to behold their champions.

But it is a rewarding book for all that it does contain, and reminds us, incidentally, of how much literature there is, strange and stimulating, still to come to us from South America.

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The Unimportance of Life

TRIAL BALANCE. The Collected Short Stories of William March. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 506 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN FARRAR

WILLIAM MARCH is of the 1914-18 war generation of writers. He volunteered early, fought as a marine, was decorated, and later wrote "Company K," one of the best of the World War novels recollected in relative tranquillity. But in this newly collected store of his shorter fiction, fifty-five stories, there is no tranquillity, only nostalgia for things often not made quite definite, and in some of the later stories, a kind of dispassionate acceptance of the ironies and injusticies of life. The stories are arranged chronologically, presumably as written, the first in 1928, the last in 1944. Thus, by both this sequence and also by "Trial Balance," the title itself, we are invited to study the writer's development in technique and ideas. (The title, by the way, was once used by the late John V. A. Weaver for a long poem.)

Mr. March, unlike Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos, never escapes the defeatism of the war years of his young manhood. If one reads slowly through these stories, the growing power of their negative quality, however, becomes apparent. Yet even in the later work, the disillusionment, often dramatized through characters very young or very old, has no result in positive action from conviction. Action more often results from hysteria than plan, normality and happiness more often off-stage reminiscence than directly handled scene. In the first ten stories either death or hysteria (usually male) or murder or insanity appear, and usually in pairs. In the powerful and beautiful "The Listening Post," written in 1937 of another war as the terrible shadows are again lengthening, even as Christ appears in the gathering mists after battle, it is a defeated Christ, a tired and disheartened Christ.

In "The Eager Mechanic" (1937) an old man refrains from imparting his bitterness to a youth about to be married; but he thinks, "Sooner or later nothing is of any importance. At the end nothing is more important than the shadow of my arm against this wall!" And it is this philosophy that colors many of these tales. Again, in what seems to me one of the finest ironical stories I have ever read, "I Broke My Back on a Rosebud," dated 1937, Sergeant Etheridge, who broke his back in the Victory Parade when a girl threw a rose under his feet, says: "Oh, no, fellow I'm not the only man who broke his back on a rosebud. Not by a long shot. Sometimes it seems to me that everybody in my generation done the same thing one way or another. 'I'm not the only one,' I say to people now. 'There's many another. Oh, many and many a one'." And again, from "Personal Letter," dated 1932, the letter of an American salesman in Germany to his boss, the salesman says: "To tell you the truth, Mr. Tyler, everybody here frightens me, they are so full of sentiment and fury."

Mr. March, himself, was in Germany on business during those horrible years. There is another story of exquisite irony dated 1933, a powerful prophecy through the character of Fräulein Gieseke, "The Pattern that Gulls Weave." In it is this flowing yet weighted sentence: "It was as if each gull had an invisible, colored thread in its beak and was weaving a tapestry against heaven, a design too delicate and too subtly colored for eyes to see, but which would, one day, pull down the skies with its accumulated weight."

I quote these passages for observation, not as criticism. They are characteristic of the shadows that lie behind and over most of Mr. March's writing. It is this sense, in his method, of the unimportance of life that has kept him from as wide recognition as a half dozen others of his contemporaries. It lies over whatever he does, even in his occasional burlesques, in his humorous sketches, in his detailing of the ways of traveling salesmen, or the life in Reedyville. Yet in spite of this shadowy quality one becomes convinced strongly that the lack of a stronger appreciation of his work is unjust. From the start, he has been

—*Mario Rosel*

"From the start, William March has been one of the finest technicians writing the short story in English."

one of the finest technicians writing the short story in English. There is no story in the book that I could find in which he does not achieve the effect he intended, nor does the editor's hand ever itch for the censorous pencil. His characterizations, whether bold or subtle, are expert. His descriptive passages are horrible or lovely; they invoke the mood he desires.

His later stories show a gathering force and economy of method and also a stronger and clearer statement of his ideas. It seems to me entirely clear from "Trial Balance" that William March is one of our most flexible and most powerful writers. Is it too much to hope that at this time in his life, he will address himself again to the novel, and employing his richly varied moods, produce a work that, if he says positively the things he has to say, is sure not only to define his position as a writer but to reach a wide and understanding audience?

From the Wharf

By Elva Nelson

THE sea-gulls pretend swiftness in their
dipping fashion, the wings
of gray finding the tempo of the wind . . .
and relaxing their muscles as though
in love, their eyes peering the watery lair.

The structure of the water promotes the use
of settling wings and repose of
the sea-gull's flight; the scene receives
the wish of rest, completes
in peace, and water and sea-gull fuse.

The water is in sways and underflows
to rock and rhythm the poise
of perfection: the white neck, the beak
in bending inquiry to
filch the hunted, then upfly, screeching noise.

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Mexican Grass Roots

VILLAGE IN THE SUN. By Dane Chandos. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 260 *pp.* $2.75.

MEXICAN VILLAGE. By Josephina Niggli. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1945. 491 *pp.*$3.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

ALTHOUGH both these books deal with a Mexican village, about the only thing they have in common is that in each an old woman falls into a well. Miss Niggli, utilizing her intimate knowledge of Mexican village life, spins a series of highly bizarre and romantic fictional tales, in which such tourist delights as cockfights, bullfights, witchcraft, generals, and violence, play important roles. Mr. Chandos's book covers one year in a balmy Southern village, where he lived, worked, bought land, and built a home. If he also loved, he does not mention it; but as he says: "This is not a book about Mexico. It is a book about Ajijic," which is to say inferentially, not primarily about Mr. Chandos, even though his own experiences are related. Miss Niggli's drama revolves around ornately contrived plots and declamatory emotions. Mr. Chandos's drama creeps on one unawares from the simple everyday events of a quiet, isolated fishing village.

Miss Niggli had the more complicated task, for her community—Hidalgo—is more than a village: it is a town on the crossroads big enough to have two plazas and many stores, one of those frowsy Northern desert towns, largely mestizo, but shading off to Indian or to white hidalgo. It is a place where trains stop and even some traveling theatre troupe plays for a night. It is near Mexico's largest industrial city—Monterey—and on the dry austere mesa, where the dust of Texas plus Texans blow in, where the heat sears vegetation and folk, and the revolution still rules memories, causes feuds, and shakes family loyalties like dice in a cup. But though Hidalgo is a more restless place, with fewer roots and more diversified than Mr. Chandos's Ajijic, the convincing theme of Miss Niggli's book is the fierce local patriotism of high and low. In her book feuds and hates are charmingly healed: good people are happily rewarded, and unconventional folk, even if noble, come to a tragic end.

But down in Ajijic on the shores of Lake Chapala life flows on in the spirit of eternal lush spring, much as it has flowed for thousands of years before Hidalgo was founded as a colonial Spanish reduction. The two places are really two different worlds, remote indeed from each other, in spirit, race, and culture.

Miss Niggli writes with fine feeling for form and color, and her story of the reconciliation of two clashing villages is warm with humor, although the plot is little more than Romeo and Juliet, divorced of shoes, and provided with a cockfight and a happy ending. Several of her bullfight scenes are breathtaking, and her story of the horserace is magnificent, even the artificial clever turn at the end which will provide a hearty laugh. Her sense

of pathos is much better than her theatre, for her high-keyed emotional passages tend to break down into raucous banality; and as a result her story of the courtship of the village old maid by the timid schoolteacher is a sweet little yarn that glows in one long after the book is laid aside. When she strains for a vivid denouement the relations of her people and the social groups are distorted and thrown out of focus, but when she forgets the bizarre and her infatuation with native witchcraft, she tells about daily life with an authentic touch.

The same north shore of Lake Chapala, which Chandos describes, was also the hang-out of D. H. Lawrence, though he visited such smaller communities as Ajijic with chattering teeth, ill-mannered comments, and disgust. But thereabouts he gathered much of his material for "The Plumed Serpent" and "Mornings in Mexico." Unlike Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Chandos is gnawed by no morbid phantasies to distort and falsify his understanding of the locale and the people. For Lawrence the chasm between the white and the Indian mind and customs could never be bridged, and he shrank back from that world in actual fear and hostility. He mirrored his own psychology rather than that of the people he was writing about. Mr. Chandos puts no unsolvable "X" over the Indian other than that mysterious "X" quantity which hovers over every human being and all of life. He walked quietly and appreciatively among these simpler alien folk, grateful for their hospitality, humble in the face of their ancient traditions and inherited wisdom. As a result, the full richness of that elementary world distills out in these pages better than in those of any similar book I have read on Mexico. Little by little he reconciles himself to the locale rhythm, so different from ours, and his patience, keen sensitivity, and freedom from sentimentalism give a true key to the simplest incidents. He indulges in little philosophizing, but lets words and deeds speak for themselves, so that before one is through one is enamored of Ajijic and its people, even all the shortcomings. He is highly provoked with his upper-class white Mexican friends and old acquaintances from the sidewalk cafes of Paris and busybodies who wish to make Ajijic over in their own image with utter lack of understanding, experience, or taste.

He tells humorously of the fine craftsmanship, the peccadillos, petty thefts, mistakes, and delays in building his house (this is but a minor part of the book), and I had to laugh, for his experiences exactly paralleled mine in building a New England house with good honest Yankee labor.

All in all I feel that Chandos's book may well take its place alongside that other charming story of Mexican rural life, Flandreau's "Viva Mexico," written fifty years ago. In fact Chandos's book is better. Some novelists have captured the same flavor, writers such as Azuela, Romero, Cuellar—but they are Mexican.

Fifteen years ago William Spratling wrote a book called "Little Mexico" in which he tried to do for Taxco somewhat the same thing that Chandos has done here for Ajijic. Spratling's little book was more literary and superficial; but Taxco has since become a foreigner's Greenwich Village, the mecca of international literary and arty emigrees. Let us hope that Chandos has not betrayed Ajijic.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Godiva," by Alfred Tennyson. 2. "Lochinvar," by Sir Walter Scott. 3. John Gilpin, in "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," by William Cowper. 4. "Tam O'Shanter," by Robert Burns. 5. "Don Quixote," by Miguel de Cervantes. 6. Ichabod Crane, in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Washington Irving. 7. Dirck, Joris, and I, in "How They Carried the Good News from Ghent to Aix," by Robert Browning. 8. Dick Turpin, in "Dick Turpin's Ride," by Alfred Noyes. 9. The White Knight, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 10. Paul Revere, in "Paul Revere's Ride," by Henry W. Longfellow.

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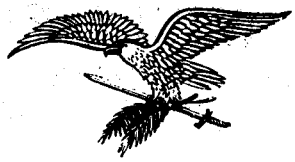

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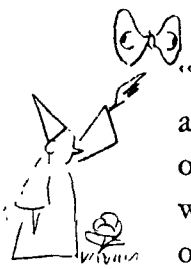
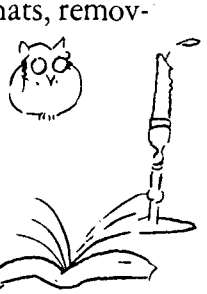


"If you should walk and wind and wander far enough on one of those afternoons in April when smoke goes down instead of up, and nearby things sound far away and far things near, you are more than likely to come at last to the enchanted forest that lies between the MOONSTONE MINES and CENTAURS MOUNTAIN. (Of course you may be too old for all this.) There's a tale, first told by minstrels in the medieval times, that rabbits there could tip their heads as men now tip their hats, removing them with their paws and putting them back again." . . . This is the path that leads to Thurber's wonderful new world: a world of kings and princes and enchanted deer, of Thurber wizards and dwarfs, of perilous labors, of dark enchantment, of rhymed riddles, of false love and true. A story funny, wise, and absurd; full of a wonderful magic which only the young in heart will understand. "A serene and beautiful fantasy."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*



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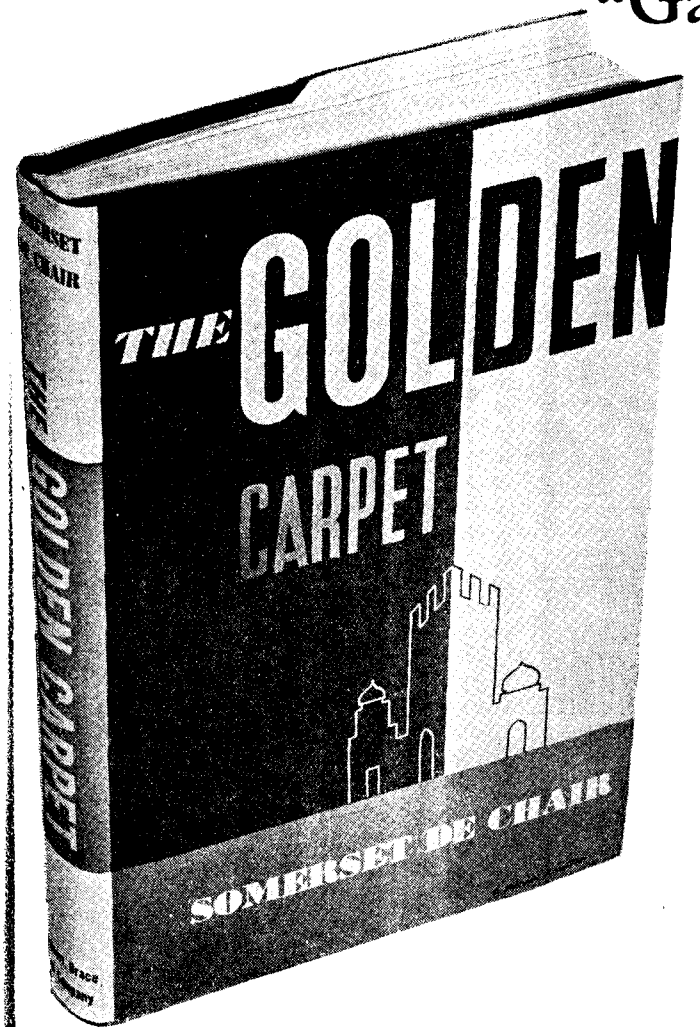

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The American Short Story Boom

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1945. Selected and edited by Herschel Brickell, assisted by Muriel Fuller. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

MODERN AMERICAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by Bennett Cerf. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 1945. 384 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

IN his amiable foreword to "Modern American Short Stories," Bennett Cerf reminds us that more short stories are printed in a single month in America than appear in all the rest of the world in a year. That the American short story has achieved distinction as well as quantity is impressively demonstrated in these two volumes, one a winnowing of stories published during the past year, the other a selection of stories since 1900. A conclusion from reading the two volumes together is that the short story has never been written with more excellence and importance than at present.

The "Prize Stories of 1945" is a collection of exceptionally high standard. Perhaps war, which finds its first literary expression in the short story, has stirred minds and emotions so as to produce a body of fresh and penetrating writing. Perhaps the predominant objectivity of these stories gives them an impact beyond the satisfaction that comes from technical excellence and the vicarious excitement that comes from a mirroring of the protagonist's own feelings. Whatever the reason, this collection is distinguished all the way through.

Though there are repeated themes and attitudes in this volume, the four prize-winning stories are completely dissimilar in substance and manner. First prize went to Walter Van Tilburg Clark for "The Wind and the Snow of Winter," a story removed from the pressing present-day themes that recur throughout the book. It is an austere tale of an old Nevada prospector walking down the mountains while the snows of winter swirl around him. He is a man left over from another time, and the story is a kind of requiem of a passing period in American social history. The second prize was awarded for one of Irwin Shaw's tensely undertold war stories, "Gunner's Passage," a story of great force and penetration that will surely be read ten or twenty years from now. Third prize fell to Ben Hur Lampman for "Old Bill Bent to Drink," a full-flavored backwoods fantasy in the vein of Stephen Vincent Benét's folk tales. The prize for a first published story went to Laurence Critchell for "Flesh and Blood," an intensely real account of the loneliness of an American soldier in England and his sense of restoration to his wife during an evening with an English girl.

There are other stories in the collection that would stand out in other years. Ruth Portugal's "Call a Solemn Assembly," Edward Fenton's "Burial in the Desert," Allan Seager's "The Conqueror," and Michael Wilson's "Come Away Home," all war stories though their resemblance ends there, are examples of accurate reportage along with a perceptive treatment of human motives and compulsions. Jessamyn West's idyllic "Lead Her Like a Pigeon," a story of first love, is so

skilful and haunting that it easily holds its own among these stories of the stress of war.

Eleven stories, just half of the collection, are concerned with war, some from the experiences of men in combat and some from the viewpoint of non-participants. It is easy to detect a difference between the two groups—there is more agonizing in the stories of the non-participants—but they are alike in the general absence of futility and frustration. The stories of combat show a forgetfulness of self and a concern beyond suffering. The stories of non-participation show more compassion than bitterness and disillusionment. If these stories are a clue to the long fiction that will come from the war, we shall have some fine novels indeed.

Another significant theme in the annual collection is race conflict, which appears in four of the stories. These are objective stories, accurate in observation and forceful in their conviction.

The broader range of Bennett Cerf's collection gives it more variety than the 1945 volume, and it seems a selection with a brighter tone. Except for the backwoods fantasy of "Old Bill Bent to Drink," there is no humor in the annual volume. In the Cerf list we have O. Henry, Damon Runyan, Ring Lardner, and James Thurber all in their lighter, if not their lightest, veins. Their stories balance the sterner selections from Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Richard Wright.

Mr. Cerf disarms anyone who might question any of his choices by stating the "cheering knowledge" that his book is intended solely to provide amusement for the reader. Certainly it is a rewarding collection, beginning with Sarah Orne Jewett's serene "A White Heron" and ending with Irwin Shaw's direly casual "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses." The volume offers amusement of a pretty high level—intelligent, perceptive, occasionally compassionate.

There are twenty-four twentieth-century writers in Mr. Cerf's list. Few readers will object to his inclusions though some may miss Conrad Aiken and Sherwood Anderson. Some of his selections, like Willa Cather's "A Sculptor's Funeral" and William Faulkner's "That Evening Sun," are standard. Others are fresh and gratifying: Katherine Anne Porter's "The Circus," Albert Maltz's "Afternoon in a Jungle," and Walter Van Tilburg Clark's "Hook." Still other selections are unexpected and, to me at least, unsatisfying. Erskine Caldwell's "Warm River" is a tepid story with obvious symbolism and is not expressive either of Caldwell's humor or his grimness; Stephen Vincent Benét's "King of the Cats" seems unrepresentative of his most cherished talents; and William Saroyan's "The Shepherd's Daughter" is a tight little fable which has no room for Saroyan's wayward fancy or his spontaneous warmth of feeling.

It is natural that Mr. Cerf's collection should illustrate the change that has come over the short story during the first half of the twentieth century. The earlier stories seem artificial, or at least deliberate and formalized, by comparison with the later ones. The older stories are built around a preconceived pattern of experience, the newer ones grow from a sharp perception of human motives and relationships. The older writers worked at some distance from their characters, the younger ones know their people intimately and write with added implication and penetration. With the passing of plot there has come an increase in technical skill and discipline; the newer stories have a strictness, an implicitness, and even in the absence of planned action a finality, like a sonnet. The newer practices are apparent throughout the "Prize Stories of 1945." Mr. Brickell states his belief that it is the best volume to be published under his supervision. Many readers will believe it is the best annual collection that has yet appeared.

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Waters of the North

LAKE ERIE. By Harlan Hatcher. (The American Lakes Series, edited by M. M. Quaife.) Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1945. 414 *pp.* $3.50.

LAKE ONTARIO. By Arthur Pound. (The same.) 382 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THOUGH it is sometimes said that the WPA series of State guidebooks initiated the wave of interest in regional and local history which has given us our now abundant disquisitions on rivers, lakes, valleys, and other geographical units, this is assuredly erroneous. Archer B. Hulbert's series of volumes on American trails goes back a whole generation. Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner was planning her remarkable Rivers of America Series before the WPA was born. And it is obvious that while the State is a conventional subject for history, rivers and lakes are not. One merit of these new series is that, though frankly sketchy and impressionistic, they break up the historical material on America's past into new and provocative patterns; another merit is that they blend studies of the past with information on the present, thus enforcing the continuity of history. They are a distinct innovation, and the best titles among them (though only the best) are successful in quite an original fashion.

In these two volumes Dr. Quaife's Lakes Series maintains the high standard set by his own volume on Michigan, Professor Fred Landon's on Huron, and Miss Grace Lee Nute's on Superior. Each writer has taken real pains to gain familiarity with the waters, shores, tributary rivers, and ports described. This is particularly true of Dr. Landon and Dean Hatcher, who seem to have combed every mile bordering upon their two lakes. First-hand interviews with fishermen, mill superintendents, farmers, sailors, and other horny-palmed people carry the reader far from library alcoves. Dean Hatcher has swum and fished in Erie, has drunk its Sandusky wines, has flown over it in airplane, and describes with veracity and exactness a cruise aboard a lake ore-freighter. The writers for the series realize that the most interesting part of Great Lakes history is that made since the Soo was opened and Lake Superior iron met Middlewestern coal to build up the smoking cities—Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo. They understand that the journalism of today is the learning of tomorrow. They have put honest leg-work on wharves, in mills and factories, and among businessmen and farmers, into finding out what has not hitherto been put in print.

Much might be criticized in the mood of these lake volumes. They are too insistently cheery and optimistic, treating these teeming basins as if no grime, sweat, and poverty existed in them, and no harsh social problems confronted them. Though Dean Hatcher describes all the greater steel, oil, coal, shipping, chemical, and other corporations at some length, no mention of labor problems, race frictions, or slum miseries finds its way into his pages. Noting the growth of Detroit in forty years from 285,000 people to 1,500,000, and the expansion of the Negro population to 200,000, he speaks of "strikes and riots in recent years" and hurries on to talk of ingenuities of management, high production records, Wayne University, and the $3,000,000 public library. It is significant that, while he gives space to nearly all the explorers, soldiers, national statesmen, writers, and industrial entrepreneurs who have dwelt on Erie shores, he says nothing of Tom L. Johnson, "Golden Rule" Jones, Brand Whitlock, and Newton D. Baker, the municipal reformers who grappled with tough social and governmental difficulties. Mr. Pound similarly treats of Toronto, Rochester, and the growing industries of Ontario's littoral without touching on darker realities. These volumes incline too much to celebrate lake glories and cover up sore spots and ugly corners; they are faintly permeated by the booster spirit.

But this is their only important fault. Dean Hatcher not only compresses a remarkable amount of new and interesting information into his volume, but imparts it with sparkle and literary charm. As we would expect, he makes due obeisance to the early explorers; to the three flags that have flown over the Erie region; to Robert Rogers, Anthony Wayne, and Oliver Hazard Perry. Though these sections have considerable freshness and color, he is at his best when he proceeds to less hackneyed materials. Some vigorous pages go to Col. James Talbot, the iron-willed Ulsterman who dreamed of a strong British community on the north shore, patented a wide tract of land, and by strenuous efforts got 20,000 settlers on his acres by 1826. The Welland Canal and the 300-mile Ohio and Erie Canal are brought into the story. With special enthusiasm, Dean Hatcher treats of the makers of the great cities.

It is, however, in dealing with Lake Erie of the 1940's that Dean Hatcher's book offers its greatest values. Today the lake ore-freighters are at the apex of their glory. The sixteen big new Maritime Commission vessels, built after many scientific tests, are floating freight trains which carry 15,000 to 18,000 tons of ore apiece. The improved Hulett unloaders (whose remarkable history the author traces) have a record of unloading 14,275 tons of iron ore in two hours and forty-five minutes. Shipbuilding during the war boomed, with a single Cleveland company turning out 246 freighters, and Dean Hatcher draws a picture of the yards. Nor does he forget the fisheries, exploited by companies and by hardy individuals; the islands in the western end of the lake, with their remarkable vineyards; the lighthouse keepers — there are nearly 700 lights on the American side; the dock-workers; or the farmers and orchardists. Jack Miner's Bird Sanctuary on the Canadian shore, and the government fish hatcheries on the American side, are given skilful and detailed reports. It is evident that Mr. Hatcher really loves Lake Erie.

Equally dexterous, painstaking, and interesting is Mr. Pound's very different volume on Lake Ontario. As the former State Historian of New York says, Ontario is the Cinderella of the Great Lakes. Commerce has patronized her upper sisters, and will do little for her until the Great Lakes Waterway to the sea is a larger reality. But Ontario, sandwiched between the strongest of the Canadian provinces and the richest and most populous of American states, is nevertheless of great importance. Mr. Pound delves into history for two narrative chapters, one on the building of the Erie Canal, and one on Canada's rough road to federation. But he, like other writers for the series, is at his best when he treats of the lake as it appears today. When American wealth flows into the Province of Ontario, he believes, to develop its still unutilized resources, the eastermost of the Great Lakes will enter upon a larger destiny.

It is good to see that other lakes—Pontchartrain, Champlain, and George, Great Salt Lake—are to be added to this series.

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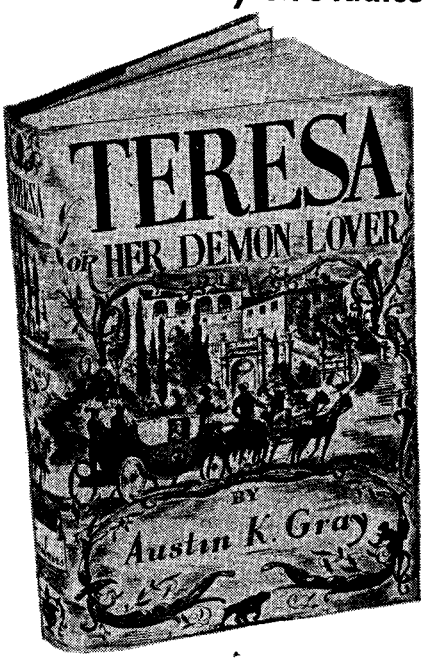

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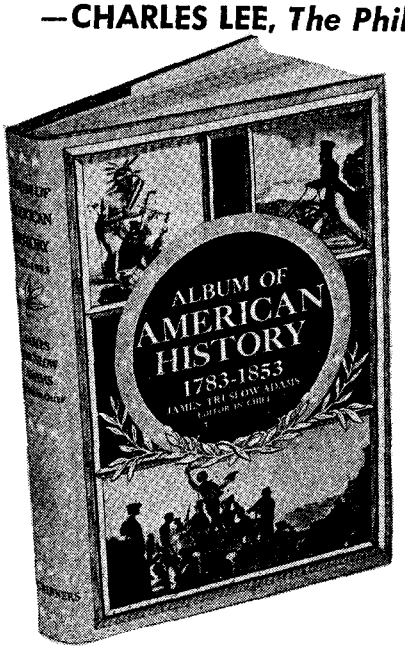

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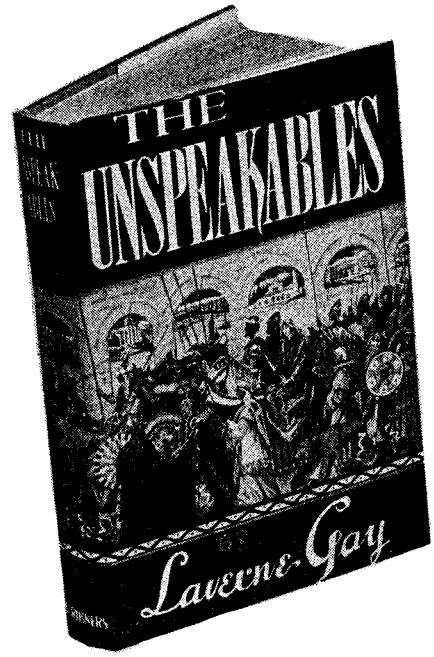

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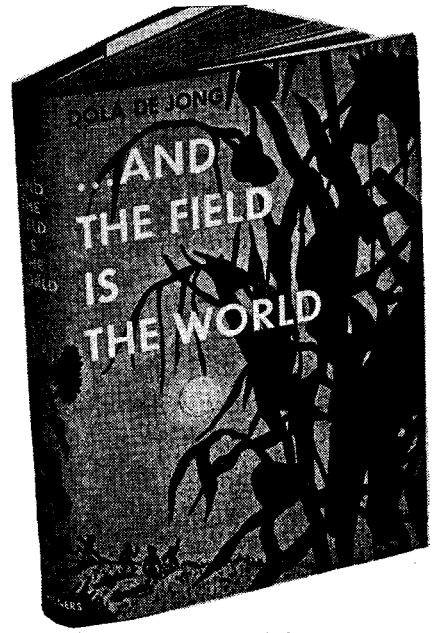

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A Premium on Brevity and Pungency

A WORD IN YOUR EAR AND *JUST ANOTHER WORD. By Ivor Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.* 1945. *ix,* 264 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

MR. IVOR BROWN is editor of the *London Observer.* He loves words as the tools of his profession. His discriminating taste in their choice and use is notably catholic. He spurns none for accident of birth, be they long and Latin or short and Saxon. He merely insists that words be used without obscurity. Simplicity and plain English, brevity and pungency are all he wants.

It sounds simple, but it recalls a conversation of the inquisitive Socrates with a young graduate of a military school in Athens. The fledgling soldier informed Socrates that his teacher had told him to put the best men in the front and rear ranks and the worst in the center. "Well and good," Socrates answered, "did he tell you how to distinguish the good and the bad men?" When the embarrassed lad said no, Socrates, according to Xenophon, replied: "Then you'd better go and get your money back."

Mr. Brown does far better than the Athenian teacher. No one who reads this book will want his money back, for the pleasure of reading him will be continuing and profitable. Moreover Mr. Brown clearly distinguishes the good from the bad. While this is a matter of opinion, few can quarrel with any of his strongly held and admirably expressed views.

Words are his ploy and he is a perdu in the unending struggle against pretentious verbosity. He prefers "mend houses" to "rehabilitate residential premises." He considers "we have met the enemy and they are ours" a model report of victory. I wonder why he failed to mention Caesar's victory message, the ultimate in brevity and pungency and the dream of a Scotchman sending a telegram, *viz.,* "Veni, vidi, vici." Modern officialese is not like these samples and it gives Mr. Brown the mulligrubs. Whoever shares his low spirits while wandering through these verbal wildernesses can find surcease in the medicine for the soul distilled in this anthology. Mr. Brown's prefaces and his invigorating flowers of speech help to give us the herbs and simples to cure the ills he thunders against.

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago a certain peregrine, for he was both traveller and alien, anticipated Mr. Brown in another tongue. In Rome the Spaniard Quintilian, who deserves to be better remembered, wrote that "we must not accept as a rule of language words and phrases that have become a vicious habit with a number of persons." Today the "vicious habits" are the ponderous horrors of governmental Barnacular, uplifter's Jargantuan, and the dying cliche. The "persons," according to Mr. Brown, who invented those first two lively names of opprobrium, are found in the British War Office, the Civil Service, and the Social Sciences, and in many other places here and abroad. They are the same people whose gobbledygook is the bane of Mr. Maury Maverick in this country.

After paying his respects to these noxious habits, Mr. Brown looks into the too secret history of several hundred words that he has culled for assorted reasons. Words are born, grow to maturity, and frequently some are endowed with immortality. Many others have been interred as their popular use ended. Their epitaph is "obsolete." Some of these dead words Mr. Brown would resurrect and revitalize. Words are living things, which being alive change in outward appearance as well as in inner meaning. Alas, most of the change is deterioration and descent in value. Here again we note that "everything that grows holds in perfection but a little moment." For example, knave once meant merely boy, boor was a farmer, and the lace of St. Audrey was tawdry with no sense of condemnation.

—*Ben Pinchot*

"Some dead words Ivor Brown would resurrect and revitalize."

Mr. Brown does not mention these fairly well-known samples of words that fell from grace. He tells us about many more, however, such as "silly" that once meant innocent, and to balance the situation gives a few exceptions, such as "fascinate," that have "climbed in reputation."

Mr. Brown's two volumes in one are such a delightful adventure that I have purposely omitted unraveling a number of unusual words in this review. They were taken from Mr. Brown's anthology. I commend you for their meaning to his agreeable pages, which are properly introduced with a most appropriate foreward by Mr. J. Donald Adams.

The Sinister TVA Plot

UNCLE SAM'S BILLION DOLLAR BABY. A Taxpayer Looks at TVA. By Frederick L. Collins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 174 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

CERTAINLY as important an enterprise as the TVA deserves careful and continual scrutiny by the people of the United States. Fortunately, few government enterprises have been so much written about in recent years. And unfortunately, this book is so written as to smear itself as public utility propaganda.

I do not know whether, as has been said, it draws much of its material from a work prepared and published earlier by a vice-president of old Sam Insull's old companies. But it is in itself an almost laughably obvious piece of propaganda which makes not the slightest effort to be judicial. Indeed, if Mr. Collins fools any children by making them think he is only a simple seeker after the truth about TVA, then the education of the young has been neglected.

Mr. Collins tells his story through such imaginary figures as the golden-hearted utility executive, Ed Sanderson, and permits TVA to state its case through a cock-eyed professor. Through them, the simple, typical American Tait family learns that TVA was a plot put over on the American people by the socialists with assistance from the communists.

The book is significant only as it indicates that there is still a widespread view that people are fools. The utilities seem to have been behaving pretty well lately but if their friends begin to talk to the American people as if they were intellectual suckers, the people may begin to wonder if in other ways also they are being made suckers of again.

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Valley of Power

A NOVEL BY

Eleanor Buckles

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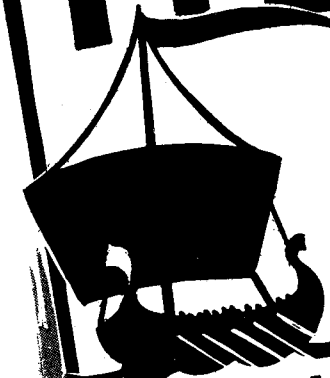

By Robert Graves, author of I, Claudius, Wife to Mr. Milton

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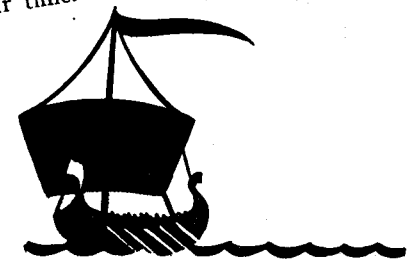

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"Life's Delicate Child"

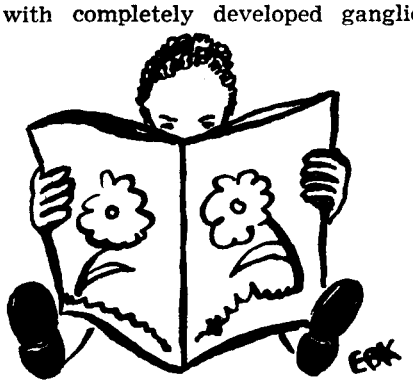
JOSEPH CAMPBELL

THE ruined cities and shattered countryside of Europe suggest the aftermath of a total frenzy: but comparable ruins, historic and prehistoric, lie scattered over the entire planet. The recent culture-spasm of Germany, particularly as we regard it today with the doomsday finish before us, resembles nothing so much as a colossal fit of madness; we tend to explain it by the madness of The Leader: but comparable leaders, madmen, "possessing demons," have ridden human populations before. The question arises: Is this spasm of modern Germany perhaps no anomaly after all, but only an extraordinarily acute eruption of some madness that has been driving the human species from the start? And then is this madness driving even ourselves, not exclusively the peoples we propose to cure? The question must be honestly and bravely faced if the contemporary intellect is to begin to cope with the problems heaping themselves before it. Are we involved in the problems of a madhouse, or of a potentially rational industrial plant? It is important to know.

Two years ago there was published, inconspicuously, as "Number 69" of the "Nervous and Mental Disease Monograph Series," a booklet of one hundred pages by the anthropologist and psychoanalyst, Géza Róheim, "The Origin and Function of Culture." * This is a work that addresses itself to the question, and today stands as an undeniable (even though generally unknown) challenge to our popular estimation of the vast enterprise in which the world has been violently lashing. Dr. Róheim is no Cassandra—he neither shouts nor threatens. His book appeared without so much as a heralding advertising blurb; a calm, professional publication addressed to the author's fellows in the fields of historical and psychological research. The little volume carries not a single pronouncement as to the future, nor even a reference to the contemporary scene. Nevertheless, among the innumerable loudly acclaimed and argued publications that have appeared during the recent harvest-years of streamer-headlined "what-to-do-to-save-the-world's," there has been given to us no more deeply driving, roundly challenging, and finally wholesome book than this little brochure from the clinic.

THE ORIGIN AND FUNCTION OF CULTURE. By Géza Roheim. New York: Nervous and Mental Disease Monographs, No. 69. 1943. 100 pp. $2.50.

Nietzsche called man, *das kranke Tier,* "the sick animal." Dr. Róheim refers the distinctive human sickness to an incomplete development of our ganglion cells at the moment of birth, and begins his study by a comparison of the state of the human young with that of other mammals. Among animals bringing forth their young in a condition of helplessness comparable to that of the human infant—for example, the rabbit, rat, mouse, cat, and dog—the development of ganglion cells is incomplete at the time of birth; on the other hand, the colt, calf, lamb, and guinea pig are born with completely developed ganglion



cells in every part of the brain. But in the human baby incomplete development is very much more pronounced than in any other species of young. As a result, the infantile situation of dependency on parental care is in man incongruously prolonged. And this leads to a great train of psychological maladjustments from which the individual and the entire tribe neurotically suffer to the end of their time.

The human infant dwells so long within the bosom of the family that instead of learning immediately how to cope with the world, it passes its critical, formative period discovering how to manage or be managed by Mother and Father. Just when it is becoming something of a master of this situation everything undergoes a radical transformation: the horizon of Mother and Father vanishes, and a gangling, vigorous semi-adult cranes into a second, vaster universe. The earlier system of expectations and techniques has to be abandoned or revised; new circumstances, new human beings, have to be met with, overcome —and loved. But unfortunately, the old, the outgrown, cannot be summarily dismissed: cherished recollections and habitudes, childhood desires, hopes, and fears remain to contaminate the maturing consciousness. And if adjustment to this second world should prove—for one reason or another—excessively difficult, then with a great, unconquerable longing the unhappy individual harks back to the dear, lost days of yore.

Dr. Róheim is concerned to demonstrate that mankind has been haunted through the millenniums by the fears and defence-devices of the human infancy. From these he traces the dominant attributes of our culture-building impulse, the forms and processes of our human civilization. Behind our most edifying systems of ideals, the practices of our religion, our victories of art and of justice, he reveals ensconced the perpetual little nursery-overlord that each of us onetime was, playing on the floor amidst a world of fantasies, enwrapped in a spiritual context of his own spontaneous fashioning, protective against the fear—the basic, unutterable anxiety—of discovering himself absolutely alone. "Defence systems against anxiety," writes Dr. Róheim, "are the stuff that culture is made of"; and "the great danger against which mankind has evolved culture is that of being left alone in the dark."

Tantrums and body-destructive fantasies when the nipple is withdrawn ("the infant wishes to destroy the body of the 'bad' mother"); desire to extract from the mother-body more of its valuable substances; then the fears of being visited with a reciprocal punitive destruction; protective fantasies of self-preservation, indestructibility, immortality; discoveries of substitute objects (thumbs to suck); games to play, in which the child itself becomes the mother and dolly the baby; body and bathroom explorations; object-loves, ego-loves: the whole wild context of the nursery-atmosphere remains electric within the growing human being, as a reality more immediate—more imperative even—than the dangers of the outer world. Dr. Róheim demonstrates, in a series of rapid, highly suggestive, compact chapters, that behind the complacently adult façades of the professional man (whether soldier, lawyer, scientist, fiction writer, painter, or priest), of the agriculturalist, the herdsman, and the merchant, the driving motives are finally sublimated nursery fantasies. Even the two basic features of human culture, which have elevated our societies above those of the beasts and birds, *i.e.,* fire and speech, are shown to have been, at the start, not practical but libidinal phenomena. The erect posture itself, which brought man down from the trees, exposed his genitals, and gave him cause both for pride and for shame, the doctor refers to a nursery-performance of the Perpetual Child.

Therewith the miracle of man! Whereas other mammals, not retarded in their maturity and early ad-

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justed to the circumstances of the natural surroundings, learn to cope realistically — singlemindedly, so to speak—with actual physical affairs, and without any exorbitant, distracting nostalgia for the long outgrown mother-nipple, *homo sapiens*, the colossal infant, dwells forever in a kingdom of double import, harassed by two necessities and a bifocal eye. Impelled to transform the world into a magnification of the nursery, to coordinate actuality with neurotic fantasy, gross fact with subtle dream, to extend, that is to say, through adulthood and even into the darkness beyond death the original circumstances amidst which it shaped its character, this *krankes Tier*, this alchemizing mammal, has through the ages forfeited the obvious for the impossible —and by a continuous miracle brought that impossible into being. At the mother-breast the child seeks comfort, and acquires, almost incidentally, nourishment. Similarly throughout the whole of the human life alleviation of psychological tensions is the first concern; food, clothing, and shelter fall to us by the way. "It is the nature of our species to master reality on a libidinal basis," writes our learned author, "and we create a society, an environment, in which this and only this is possible. . . . The history of mankind shows the increasing tendency of retarded growth, the increasing replacement of the stimulus-reaction pattern of action inherited from our pre-human ancestors by the retardational, or infantile, symbiotic mode of mastering reality."

The creation of a world that is both fact and symbol, that is the unique deed of man. But since his quest, at the root, is not for a symbol but a vanished fact, he is doomed to disappointment from the start. Larger and larger the victories, vaster and vaster the coördinated fields; but—"as the substitutes increase in quantity and area, they decrease in quality, they become more and more remote from a 'good object,' from a yielding nipple." And therewith the disheartening denouement of the nursery-tragedy that is our human civilization. The difficulty rests in the ultimate psychological inadequacy of every goal. We are attempting the impossible. Frustration is our inevitable victory. Civilization is our group neurosis. We are, as Thomas Mann has phrased it, "life's delicate child." Whether in terms of poetical-metaphysical insight or of reductive weaning-images, the secret of man's agony has been disclosed to him a million times, and from a thousand points of view. Yet on he marches, he and his leaders, as though the answer were still far to seek. That precisely is the miracle of this wonderful disease.

Romance in the South Seas

LEAN WITH THE WIND. By Earl Schenck. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 339 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THE return to innocence is every man's alternative to the advance toward enlightenment, and because innocence is a state wherein once he dwelt, whereas enlightenment is an unknown ecstacy, the former draws him with familiar wiles, and often wins his love. The theme is familiar in literature, and the locale of the drama is very often the South Seas, which are now by common consent the symbol of the childhood days of man. What man has done to this nursery of his soul, returning to it in the night of his life, heavy with drunkenness and sloppy with sentimentality, is something which the Polynesians—who are still using the nursery—might consider a damned outrage. But Polynesians don't write books, and they are, so the story goes, inferior to the white man.

Those who do write books about the unspoiled islands and the far-flung atolls follow a pattern that is becoming rigid. There is white man, a representative of the superior but decadent race, and a Polynesian princess, a splendid example of the inferior but innocent race. There is romance, and there is treasure. In seeking the treasure the two find that they are in love, and the white man discovers that what is past is best, what is simple is sublime. When it turns out that the treasure long ago was lifted by someone else the lovers don't even care; they are, in fact, happy about the whole thing, for they have uncovered in their dream of the future the mother lode of all treasures.

On the spare outline of this classic plot some good yarns have been hung, and Earl Schenck has now put another one out to dry. It is realistic in its costuming and light in its libretto, and it probably gives a true picture of life in Papeete, the leading city of Tahiti, which has become the Egypt of the Pacific. The illustrations are also by the author, and they help to tell a tale which has large helpings of everything—talk, action, romance, adventure, sport, and local color.

The hero of the story is Flavien Durand, a young man cursed with a head for figures and a desire to see accounts in balance. The rest of his family have no such notions. There is Papa Durand, a Frenchman who married a native, founded the trading post known throughout French Oceania as Maison Durand, and took for himself the nickname of Papa Dodo. There is Madame Durand, who thinks people should eat and that Papa is wonderful. There are the daughters Mitzi and Georgette, the small sons Toti and Coco, Uncle Jocko who understands machinery and enjoys alcohol, Pierre who is a grown son and rides horses, Mata-afa the giant native servant equipped with second sight, Autoputa the truck, Ana the cook, various prizefighters, Tiaré the mistress of Flavien, several horses, and two Polynesian gods. Against these is arraigned Major Duroc, an enemy. As a precipitant there arrives from Australia Jim Galloway, who knows where a treasure is hidden on Pinaki island.

The Maison Durand sells everything from pearls to cromlechs from the lost continent of Mu. It repairs watches and radios, develops photographic film, quarrels with Major Duroc, hires out Jocko as engineer, races its horses with Pierre as jockey, and enters its heavyweights in the fights on Bastille Day. The ambition of the members of the family is to outdo in variety the maison itself. When Papa Dodo and Flavien bring home Jim Galloway and swear to back his scheme with their fortunes, this ambition is realized.

They must now buy a schooner. To get the money they bet all they have on a horse race, against Major Duroc and his stable. When the race is lost they mortgage the maison, to the Major, naturally. They set sail in the Blue Nautilus for Pinaki, run into a hurricane, hit a reef, lose the ship, and wake up on Nukutavake, where Flavien meets the princess Pirihita. From then on there is more allegory than reality to the story, and in the end Maison Durand wins the victory.

All this, as any fool can plainly see, is excellent entertainment, and if the insects and heat and native plumbing are not stressed, who is to complain? Lean with the wind, as do the Polynesians, and when the blow is over you can straighten up and be your old self. Misfortune can exert only a certain amount of pressure, after which it must relent or lose its prey to the liberator, death. So why worry about anything? Leave your troubles at the Maison Durand, and Papa Dodo, when he gets around to it, will fix them up.

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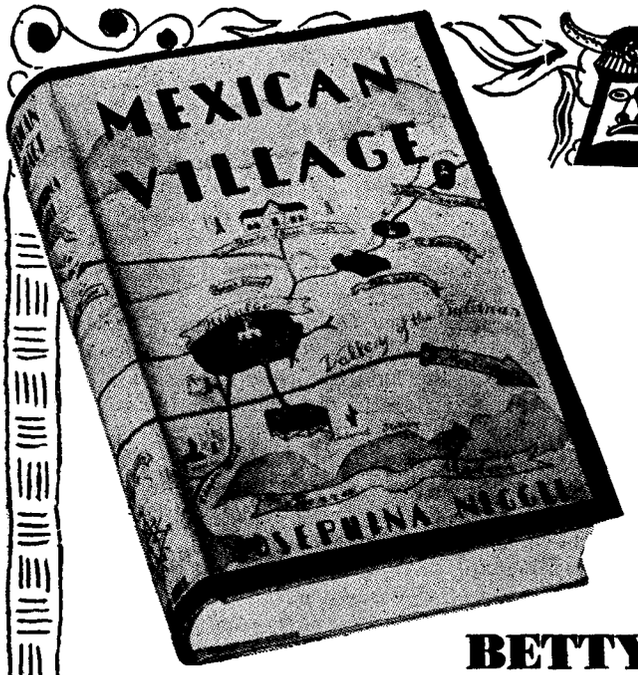

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Posterity Looks Back at the Critics

"THE PROFESSOR," 1857.

Charlotte Brontë wrote "The Professor" long before "George Eliot" took up her pen; and she must at least receive credit for having been in the field as a reformer of fiction before her fellow-laborer was heard of. She was true to the conditions she had laid down for herself in writing "The Professor." Nothing more sober and matter-of-fact than that story is to be found in English literature. And yet, though the landscape one is invited to view is but a vast plain, without even a hillock to give variety to the prospect, it has beauties of its own which commend it to our admiration. . . . Though a sad, monotonous book, it has life and hope, and a fair faith in the ultimate blessedness of all sorrowful ones, shining through all its pages; and it closes in a scene of rest and peace.

—T. Wemyss Reid, "Charlotte Brontë," 1877.

It has an interest, particularly as showing the restricted nature of its author's invention, but as a story it is ineffective and unpleasant.

—Augustine Birrell, "Life of Charlotte Brontë," 1887.

"JANE EYRE," 1847.

"Jane Eyre" is a picture of a natural heart. This, to our view, is the great and crying mischief of the book. Jane Eyre is throughout the personification of an unregenerate and undisciplined spirit. It is true Jane does right, and exerts great moral strength, but it is the strength of a mere heathen mind which is a law unto itself. No Christian grace is perceptible upon her. She has inherited in fullest measure the worst sin of our fallen nature—the sin of pride. Jane Eyre is proud, and therefore she is ungrateful too. It pleased God to make her an orphan, friendless, and penniless—yet she thanks nobody, and least of all Him, for the food and raiment, the friends, companions, and instructors of her helpless youth—for the care and education vouchsafed to her till she was capable in mind as fitted in years to provide for herself.

Altogether the autobiography of Jane Eyre is preëminently an anti-Christian composition. There is throughout it a murmuring against the comforts of the rich and against the privations of the poor, which, as far as each individual is concerned, is a murmuring against God's appointment—there is a proud and perpetual assertion of the rights of man, for which we find no authority either in God's word or in God's providence—there is that pervading tone of ungodly discontent which is at once the most prominent and the most subtle evil which the law and the pulpit, which all civilized society in fact has at the present day to contend with. We do not hesitate to say that the tone of mind and thought which has overthrown authority and violated every code human and divine abroad, and fostered Chartism and rebellion at home, is the same which has also written "Jane Eyre." If we ascribe the book to a woman at all, we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has, for some sufficient reason, long forfeited the society of her own sex.

—Elizabeth Rigby (Lady Eastlake), *The Quarterly Review,* 1848.

I have read "Jane Eyre," and shall be glad to know what you admire in it. All self-sacrifice is good, but one would like it to be in a somewhat nobler cause than that of a diabolical law which chains a man soul and body to a putrefying carcass. However, the book is interesting; only I wish the characters would talk a little less like the heroes and heroines of police reports.

—George Eliot, Letter to Charles Bray, 1848.

The critics were misled in concluding that the *author* of "Jane Eyre" was a heathen woman educated among heathens—the *fact* being, that the *authoress* is the daughter of a clergyman! This question of authorship helped to keep up the excitement about "Jane Eyre"; but, independently of that title to notoriety, it is certain that, for many years, there had been no work of such power, piquancy, and originality. Its very faults were faults on the side of vigor; and its beauties were all original. The grand secret of its success, however,—as of all genuine and lasting success,—was its *reality.* From out of the depths of a sorrowing experience, here was a voice speaking to the experience of thousands. The aspects of external nature, too, were painted with equal fidelity,—the long cheerless winter days, chilled with rolling mists occasionally gathering into the strength of rains,—the bright spring mornings,—the clear solemn nights,—were all painted to your *soul* as well as to your eye, by a pencil dipped into a soul's experience for its colors. Faults enough the book has undoubtedly; faults of conception, faults of taste, faults of ignorance, but in spite of all, it remains a book of singular fascination. A more masculine book, in the sense of vigor, was never written. Indeed that vigor often amounts to coarseness,—and is certainly the very antipode to "lady like."

—George Henry Lewes, *The Edinburgh Review,* 1850.

Not many months ago, the New England States were visited by a distressing mental epidemic, passing under the name of the "Jane Eyre fever," which defied all the usual nostrums of the established doctors of criticism. Its effects varied with different constitutions, in some producing a soft ethical sentimentality, which relaxed all the fibres of conscience, and in others exciting a general fever of moral and religious indignation. It was to no purpose that the public were solemnly assured, through the intelligent press, that the malady was not likely to have any permanent effect either on the intellectual or moral constitution. The book which caused the distemper would probably have been inoffensive, had not some sly manufacturer of mischief hinted that it was a volume which no respectable man should bring into his family circle. Of course, every family soon had a copy of it, and one edition after another found eager purchasers. But its effect on our more sensitive young women had been noticeable. A fashion has set in amongst them for pale intellectual females and tall, silent domineering young men. No longer do these unmarried ladies look yearningly at a youth with an unsullied past. The lover of today must be an older man, rude, unmannerly and violent, with a dark secret in his soul and an aching conscience in his bosom.

—Edwin Percy Whipple, "Novels of the Season," 1848.

"VILLETTE," 1853.

Takes rank at once with "Jane Eyre," displaying the same vigor—the same exhuberant power—the same bold outline—the same dramatic conception—and the same invincible mastery and fusion of elements usually considered repugnant to romance.

—George William Curtis, *Putnam's Magazine,* 1853.

One or two of the *dramatis personae* evoke sentiments of approval on account of their originality, conspicuous amongst them being Mr. Paul Emanuel and Miss de Bassompierre; but on the whole the book is disappointing, for there is no one character whose fortunes we are anxious to follow; and a novel which fails to beget a personal interest must be said to have lost its chief charm.

—George Barnett Smith, "The Brontës," 1875.

"Villette" appears to be a thing of memories rather than of dreams; of bitter memories, too, and of despairing resignations. If people do not read it, one can only say, like the cook in "Ravenshoe," that one "Does not wonder at it."

—Andrew Lang, "Good Words," 1889.

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"One of the Great American Autobiographies."
—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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Gods and Men in a Modern Novel

HERCULES, MY SHIPMATE. By Robert Graves. New York: Creative Age Press. 1945. 464 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

IN his new historical novel Mr. Graves has gone back to the thirteenth century B. C. and the marvelous voyage of the Argonauts for the Golden Fleece. He has told, with an abundance of geographical and archeological detail, with heartiness and humanity, the story of man's first bold adventure on the sea.

The fabled Fleece, made by the Minoans as a charm to please Zeus and bring down rain, carried away by the King of Colchis and put under the protection of the hero Prometheus, recovered by Jason and restored to Zeus, concerned all of the Greek peoples and the entire Greek pantheon. So important was Jason's mission that it is recorded in the timeless heavens; not only the *Argo* is pictured among the stars but as Sir Isaac Newton once pointed out the twelve signs of the Zodiac commemorate episodes of the voyage, the first being the Ram of the Golden Fleece.

To this epic tale Mr. Graves brings all of his versatile talents—his impressive historical scholarship, his lively historical imagination, his powers of sweeping and vivid narrative. It takes him six chapters to create the period and gain momentum, but with the building of the *Argo* story interest catches up with historical interest; from this point, it is a gusty, blowing tale crammed with telling portraiture of gods and men, fabulous with the wonder of ancient geography.

Jason, the son of King Aeson of Ioclos, was a hill-born boy, reared from infancy by the Centaurs. He had never seen a ship when as a brash young man he proposed to recapture from far-away Colchis the precious Fleece. But Argus was a master shipwright, and there were tall pines at the foot of Mount Pelion and stout oaks in the groves of Methone. So was built the *Argo,* strong, swift, and light, with her swanlike prow ending in a carved ram's head. In ninety days the ship was ready. Then, in one of Mr. Graves's most engrossing scenes, came the choosing of the crew. It was the most notable ship's company ever assembled, a crew of champions. There were Great Ancaeus the wrestler, Castor the horseman, Pollux the boxer, Phalerus the archer, Euphemus the swimmer. There were the painter Iphitus, the singer Orpheus, the famous bee-master Butes of Athens. There were sons of Poseidon, of Ares, of Apollo, and of the North Wind. This princely company passed the disputed straits and steered through the clashing rocks of the Bosphorous. They toiled and banqueted on the way to distant Colchis, and in games and contests they bested the local champions along five hundred miles of Black Sea shore.

The *Argo* was a ship of thirty oars, each manned by a prince or a hero. But it is Hercules, with his brass-bound club of olive wood, his lion-skin tunic, and his grizzled, unkempt mane, who dominates the story. With his huge dirty hands, his huge dirty knees, his huge appetite for food and drink and women, he dwarfs his shipmates. He is great in banter, great in disdain, great in his skill and strength when there is need of them. And he is touchingly human in his devotion to little Hylas, his adopted son from Thessaly; he is pitifully human when Hylas is lost. After Mr. Graves's story is over you still hear the big, uncouth, simple fellow roaring with laughter and sobbing with grief.

Among these men of skill and daring the "wild and witless" Jason often seems less than a leader. But he had the gift of being irresistible to women, a gift which took him and his men through many perils and which at last won him the devotion of the beautiful Medea, daughter of the King of Colchis. With her aid he seized the shining Fleece and sailed over the Inhospitable Sea, pursued by fifteen ships under command of the Colchian High Admiral. After long wanderings and further perils the *Argo* returned to Greece. To great Zeus was restored the Fleece with its gleaming fringe of gold and its pair of golden horns. The ship was beached and the Argonauts, comrades in so many hazards, were dispersed. They went their separate ways, most of them to misfortune. Jason, having quarreled with Medea, lay despondent under the prow of the *Argo.* There the ghosts of his enemies contrived to bring the proud prow down upon him; the great Ram figurehead crushed him fatally. This is the familiar outline of the legend which Mr. Graves has recounted with unfailing abundance, color, and variety.

The historical novelist must make it clear at what viewpoint in time he is standing. Mr. Graves has told his story from a vantage-point in the second century B. C. when the *Argo's* hull still stood, preserved and commemorated, on the Corinthian shore. To tell it, contemporaneously, from the thirteenth century B. C. would have denied him perspective and required writing in rigidly primitive terms; to tell it from the present-day would have deprived him of complete belief and necessitated unsuitably modern dialogue and narrative. His choice was to take a position in an age which still believed but which had achieved critical detachment and a flexible prose style. As a result "Hercules, My Shipmate" though rich in antiquity is never antiquarian. Its supernaturalism is sober, its motivation is forcible, its narrative crises are real. It is a living, vibrating story of long ago.

Typewriter Tune

By Hassoldt Davis

NOW is the time for all good men
to come to the aid of the . . .
come to the aid of the . . .
quick brown fox in his Asian den;
it's euthanasia
to finish him neatly.
Now's the last raid of the
sons of the sun, of
the sons of bitches and Valkyrie witches
a-straddle on bayonets
(broomsticks be damned).

Typewriters jammed
and news or a play on it
stoppered at censorship,
San - bloody - friscoes and Polish remains,
lovely Triestes and the fine ship
of state ripping through the Levant,
will accord our peace nothing.
Dear communist China
and Franco's raw Spain
may be yours for the asking.
Emit them a sign, or the snort
of a heart that loves war.

This—if you look—
this, our peace, is no basking
of ghosts in the sun.

One of them weeps
like a Jew, and another
calls crazily, seeking his old
Finnish son, and a mother
of Czechs sings at last . . .
and none of them yet
may quite live in the sun.

Humor us, coddle us, build us a bullet
to squirt the guts out of us.
Tear all to tatters
this peace we have won.

(Dear Royals, Dear Remingtons, Dear Underwoods,
who have written the pence of political goods,
it is you who make wars,
and the whores that you are will make peace . . .
to your profit.)

Now is the time for all good men . . .

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The New York Times Book Review
JULY 8, 1945
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SECTION 7

A POET'S LAST HOURS ON EARTH

"The Death of Virgil" Revalues Men's Long Search for a Destiny and a God

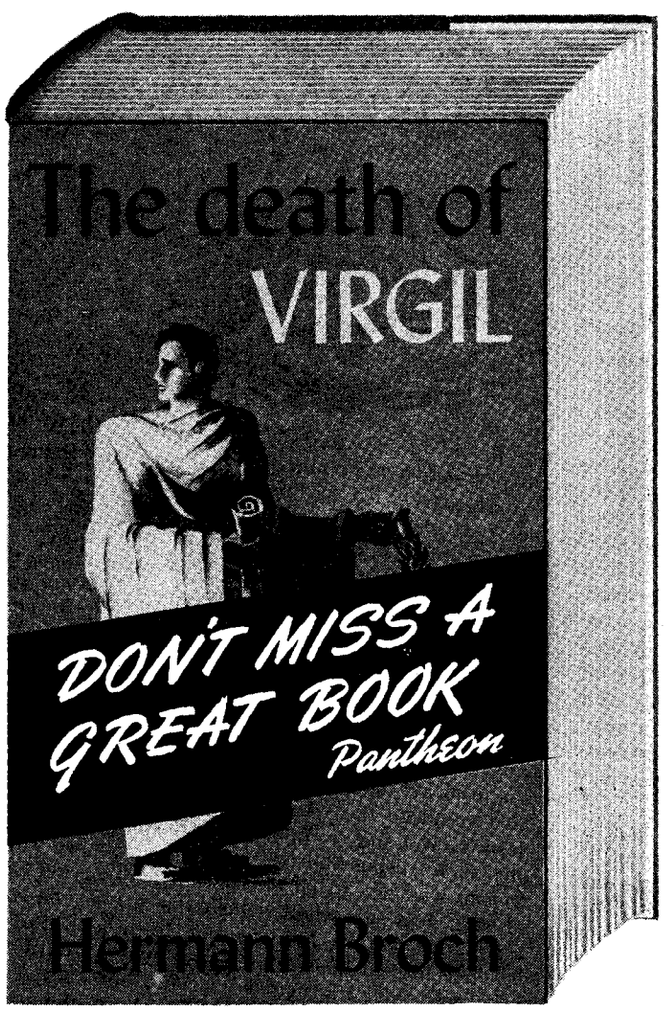
DEATH OF VIRGIL. By Hermann Broch. Translated by Jean Starr Untermeyer. 493 pp. New York: Pantheon Books. $5.50.

By MARGUERITE YOUNG

"THE DEATH OF VIRGIL" is first of all what it purports to be, an account of the death of a poet who creates the world and the universe and man and God in that very moment in which he verges onto extinction. There is drama in such a situation, naturally, and one so expansive as to suggest the plight not only of the dreaming poet but of the human race with its singularly animal consciousness. We are the only God we know of. For how shall we ever pass in mortality beyond the bounds of our own knowledge?

Seemingly, this is a long record of a deathbed scene, in which the poet views his moribund members. Beyond and above the immediate recording of disembodied events, however, is the mind viewed as a mind which suffuses space with its regal potentialities, now and perhaps forever, as we know it. Approaching that extinction which may be the secret of the universe we see, we are the poet Virgil and his shifting, translucent states of that consciousness which is forever susceptible to immensity.

The author began this book in a Nazi prison, as a private preparation for death and with no thought of a public. He has brought it to completion as an American citizen and philosophical researcher at Princeton University. His trilogy of German life before and during World War I, "The Sleepwalkers," had already established for him a world-wide reputation and set him, late in life, upon his career. Thus, the breadth of his personal and artistic experience has prepared him for this present writing.



THE plot of this ghostly [illegible] re of his where. soul one run- ses in- ce. eat p's w, n [illegible] rated [illegible] his is [illegible] have [illegible] his de [illegible] ther a [illegible] The vi [illegible] his dea [illegible] no cert

With [illegible] conducts [illegible] corpse is [illegible] ...aning of meaningless heaven and conducts the living [illegible] ro... [illegible] Br [illegible] mo [illegible] dyi [illegible] tha [illegible] com [illegible] Caes [illegible] impo [illegible] vidua [illegible] Virgil [illegible] ...should be a corrective to our fundamentalism, our departmentalism. The work—part of it was written in a German concentration camp—should command a vast respect.

Jean Starr Untermeyer, poet translator of the original, has combined her knowledge of language with her deep understanding of Broch's intellectual intention in every phrase. The result is opalescence, by no means inaccessible to any man who has loved "Paradise Lost" or "The Golden Bough" or other works transcending time.

bleak city, seeks even at the moment of extreme disintegration for unity with the imponderable mysteries of life and death, the eternity within, the eternity without.

His elegies for himself and humanity are like the wheelings of birds and stars. His impulse is to destroy his one tangible achievement, the Aeneid. He entertains rhapsodic hallucinations of the slave who has deserted him and of a mistress whom he himself had abandoned, long ago, in his quest for the intellectual life. Impotent physically, he is mentally so potent as to create the entirety of space and time, the spheric singing of the world. Finally, and this is his death, the poet feels himself borne as on a ship into the heart of the universe, which may be nowhere, too. At least, the vertiginous plot will soon be ending. And what we have witnessed is such a philosophic account of the whole project of human consciousness, we cannot fail to have felt our enlargement of vision as a result. The slow music of a funeral march throughout eternity, and the corpse lives even in the failing light!

BROCH'S scheme of classic architecture and background is combined with the most intricate romanticism—it is epic, and Browning's poems were lyric, and there is a vast difference between Broch and Browning, admittedly. Yet there are exotic resemblances, places where these parallels meet and crisscross in whorling of ecstasy and triumph. Browning, he of "Abt Vogler" and such exploratory music, would have understood "The Death of Virgil" and the intricacy of its quest and the perhaps ultimate exaggeration of its irony. If Broch's is, unlike Browning's, an oceanic style—if it may be so described—then the great whale of the universe rises symbolically from the deep, in every phase. In fact, the intention is limitlessly religious. The origins of such a work must go back to that philosophy which is also poetry, that history which is also music. There are no departmentalizations of knowledge in this text. The book fits into no pigeonhole, no category, is not one diamond but a mountain of diamonds.

Perhaps the American writer most close to Broch in spirit is Herman Melville, whose "Moby Dick" is compelled by such abstruse, remorseless considerations as "The Death of Virgil." Melville, too, would have understood Broch's "orbit of fatefu consequences of extinguishment and re lighting on earth, experiment after experi ment of the creation. * * *" Melville, toc was aware of "the dream-sadness dwellin in the depth of every eye." Melville' Pantheist, it may be remembered, ths sailor on the rigging, was perched abov the Vartesian vortices. His poem, descril ing the interior of a whale, was only a d ceptive realism. There are chasms betwe Broch and Melville—but this much in cor mon: the night which circles in its i mense space, the loneliness of man, t impossibility of any simple statement.

THE duty of all art, according Broch's view, lies in the self-percept finding and proclaiming of truth. Ar hence not a shallow method of escape. is a funeral ritual which offers no dog proposes no finalities of the smug, assu order. It forces, at every glittering stant, our profoundest thought—"so the soul, realizing the great equilibr between the ego and the universe, m recover herself (Continued on Page

Poet's Death

(Continued from Page 1)

in the universe, perceiving in this self-recognition that the deepening of the ego was an increase of substance in the universe, in the world, especially in humanity. * * *" Broch discussed thus at length and with abandon what he calls "the skull-bone, the ivory-colored, rocky border of human existence," finally, that human consciousness which is, he tells us, a star in the constellation of time's orbit.

What objections will be made to this cosmological epic, "The Death of Virgil," its search for "the goldly gleaming bough of truth which is neither to be found nor plucked by means of force?" In the wide reaches of the American nation there must be surely many readers who will appreciate the immensity of an adventure story such as this. It

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Strange Case of Countess Guiccioli

TERESA OR HER DEMON LOVER. By Austin K. Gray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 370 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

MR. GRAY'S study of the strange case of the Countess Guiccioli is thorough, sensible, brightly written, and full of entertainment. Except for a few frankly imaginative passages, it is convincing to the mind and most of these fanciful flights suggest or divert. Anyone interested in Byron's hundred-times-told tale—and every rehearsal of his tragedy seems only to enhance the interest—will read the book with pleasure and excitement. For merely to have the facts recapitulated and reinterpreted from a different point of view makes one feel as if one had never heard the grim, outrageous, and pathetic history before. Byron is as inexhaustible as any other radioactive element.

The Countess Teresa Guiccioli was a daughter of the noble Romagnuol house of Gamba and had been married at the age of sixteen to the wealthiest and apparently most disagreeable of the local magnates, who into the bargain was more than thrice her age. Pretty, frank, and sweet-natured, she was making the best of it and seemed foredoomed to become a typical woman of wealth and position with a child or so, lapdogs, and the inevitable cicisbeo. It was not to be, for in April 1819, rather more than a year after her marriage to the grisly Count, she went against her will to a soirée at the Countess Benzoni's in Venice. Her husband seems to have made it a point that his wife, who was passionately addicted to poetry, should meet a poet who was also a milord.

To this day it is difficult to look on Byron with even the semblance of detachment. Generations of critics have noticed that his personality has taken out a permanent injunction against steady judgment. And judgment was even unsteadier at a time when Goethe was taking him very seriously at Weimar and Wordsworth was trying not to at Grasmere. At the very height of his fame and powers, when he had the further advantage of as sinister a personal reputation as a blue blood could desire, one would have expected him to have made short work of a young and inexperienced matron, as on previous occasions.

But it did not work out that way. From the first moment at the Palazzo Benzoni, he never escaped from her. Teresa probably had not seen a tiger before and evidently determined that he wasn't one. Her dealings with him indicate that and certainly have their interest. An absolutely straightforward, outspoken, and naive sphinx, she presented a complex Oedipus with the enigma of simplicity. She said what she thought, often no great shakes. Very few women had had the crust to do that to him. They believed what he thought whereas she often vehemently and instinctively disagreed. For instance, she disliked "Don Juan," as containing disreputable libels on her sex in general and on Lady Byron in particular, and she urged him to abandon "the planless plan." He actually yielded to her importunity for a space, but finally pled with her for permission to go on, which she graciously accorded. It is a safe bet that none of his other loves would have gone right into the cage with him like that, but Teresa didn't know that he was a tiger, nor

would she have cared, which apparently gratified the animal.

Apparently, also, she had made him feel that she loved him for his own sake, cost what it might, whether or no he was the very genius of the time. The change from sentimental odalisques, who offered their favors in order to shine in their own and others' sight thereafter, must have been refreshing. And there was something gallant about her. She defied risk like a lady born, and to no poet whatever has a brave spirit ever meant more. She would go the whole way in Hell's despite, and she would even take him on—as a responsibility. Byron, being Byron, was not to be outdone in generosity, just as when selfishness entered the picture he was not to be outdone in selfishness. There was none in Teresa, and the man who could be unspeakably brutal to his wife, who could scorch Lady Caroline Lamb to a cinder, who could treat Claire Clairmont with a calculated callousness that gives you the creeps, was meek and gentle, in a word, domesticated, in the presence of a girl, who, however ridiculous and wrongheaded, at any rate faced him on the firm ground of the human and the real. She may well have been the only woman he ever knew who was not seeking the role of a *femme inspiratrice,* a role which nearly always kills the actress. Rather, to follow Ernest Coleridge, who is generally right about Byron, she was something good and direct and kind in a life that was savage and confused and bitter beyond expression.

Parenthetically, it may be added, notwithstanding spiteful remarks about Teresa's gaucheries, which were probably due to minor divergences between English and Italian notions of taste, she stands out as a person healthy and forthright when compared with the oblique oddities gathered around Shelley and Byron at Lucca. After those creatures became virtuous they shrank from her company in later years. Even Mary Shelley feared—which makes strange reading.

She was only twenty-three when Byron left for the Greek War. We may hope with Mr. Gray that the Italian sentence which Byron uttered in his last delirium at Missolonghi: "Io lascio qualche cosa di caro nel mondo" was to her address. But we cannot know and accordingly pass on to what might be expected to be the protracted anticlimax of the remainder of her long life. Strangely enough it wasn't altogether anticlimax. In the first place, the great passion remained a reality, and, in the second, Teresa was one of the fortunate who go right on living vigorously in spite of slings and arrows. Incredibly she returned to her husband, who quite as incredibly desired her to return.

Brunello Guiccioli is as odd as any one in the picture and she was under his roof when the news came from Greece. But that couldn't last long and a final separation was arranged without éclat. She went to Rome for a time, where as the mistress of Byron she was on display in the salons beside a mistress of Napoleon. There she might converse with Lamartine about the great subject and have an affair with Henry Fox, the son of Earl Holland, who looked like Byron, was lame like Byron, and was witty like Byron. She made a mixed impression on the boy, who thought her "gross and carnal" at first, changed his mind, and was finally bored with her.

Followed a long interval of filial duties at her father's and journeys some of them perhaps sentimental. At length she turned up in Paris after Guiccioli's death as the full-blown and legal consort of the Marquis de Boissy, as comic a millionaire as ever got loose in the broken fields of the Orleanist Kingdom, the Second Republic, and the Third Empire. Under the Empire she entertained the Napoleonic hodgepodge in a style more distinguished for lavishness than delicacy and apparently was laughed at a good deal by persons who did not hesitate to devour her sherbets and drink her champagne. Naturally, she would squabble with Lamartine who had spoken un-

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kindly of Byron and misquoted her confidences. And, quite as naturally she consulted the spirit of the dead Pilgrim through that slantindicular intermediary, David Douglas Home—which would have delighted Byron. Last phase of all, when the Germans came for the first time, she fled to the house near Florence, which Boissy had given her. In Florence, as Mr. Gray hints, she could have met Claire Clairmont in the flesh, who, whether base or merely luckless, had seen all that was evil in Byron, as Teresa had seen only what was lovely and of good report. One hardly dares imagine a conversation between those septuagenarian heroines.

Without extenuating anything, Mr. Gray makes a good case for the lady. Her sisters were apt to mock, chastity was not her most dependable virtue, and eccentricity grew on her with age. But by and large she was a woman of honor, with much sweetness and unlimited generosity. And whatever we know or do not know (and Mr. Gray has greatly reduced our ignorance), any lady who could hold George Gordon, Lord Byron, for four years must have been a personality of greater power and fire than her rivals cared to admit. It is a probable conjecture that their opinions seldom troubled Teresa. After all she had had such victory as was to be had.

The Factionalism That Bred Nazism

CHILDREN'S CHILDREN. By S. O. Peech. New York: H. Bittner & Co. 1945. 362 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MARTHA DODD

OVER a hundred years of German history is covered in this novel, but it is far from adequately covered. The study of such an historical complex as Germany was during the period from Napoleon's invasion to the pre-Hitler era would test the ingenuity and talent of the most experienced historical novelist. And Miss Peech is certainly not that.

"Children's Children" follows the destiny of the Dallmann family whose hereditary strain, the writer tells us, is split between the reactionary and the liberal mentality. Jarni Dallmann, the heroine, grew up in a middle-class family and was subject to the economic and emotional strains of her environment. The First World War intruded disastrously on her young girlhood and she grew to maturity in the wild, chaotic post-war period. She experienced poverty, inflation, instability of every sort. She was a romantic, impressionable girl who reflected the political trends of the times. In love with a preacher, for instance, she debates religion with him and accepts atheism; in intimate friendship with a Communist, she first accepts and then bitterly rejects the idea of socialism. Next she becomes a Social Democrat for a short period. Her one seemingly consistent stand is against the maturing fascist spirit in Germany. She is "discovered" by a producer and is made into an actress, moving from the provinces to Berlin, where she receives acclaim. She meets a distant relative, a Jew, with whom she falls deeply in love. Her dreams are shattered by his murder—a murder instigated for political reasons by her vicious Nazi brother. Broken and disillusioned, she quits the Berlin stage and goes to Munich to forget her sorrow. With an indecent rapidity, she marries a weak, demoralized, but very wealthy man. When he becomes an open Nazi she leaves him. Toward the end of the book the author contrives a melodramatic and unconvincing scene between Jarni and her brother in which she accuses him of murder. Jarni at last decides to leave Germany.

The best section of the book deals with Jarni's childhood and youth. The later chapters on her political development are hastily and inadequately motivated and somehow lack sincerity. It is difficult to accept the author's strange thesis that a mature anti-Fascist would, after the murder of her Jewish socialist lover, plunge into marriage with a corrupt reactionary.

"Children's Children" is not a well integrated book; it is uneven, the characters for the most part are not of flesh and blood, and the writing is immature. The author fleetingly introduces characters in the first section of the book who are at times interesting but they are so briefly treated that they have vanished from the reader's memory by the end of the book. They should have been a novel in themselves in a less ambitiously conceived project.

Miss Peech does convey, however, quite effectively the confusions, the violence, the treachery, and disunity of pre-Hitler Germany. One of the best realized characters is Andreas Van Neel, Jarni's uncle, a social democrat who was so afraid of action, of communism, of taking a stand that he was led into fatal compromise. Miss Peech makes a point that should never be forgotten and cannot be too often repeated: the tragic rift between the progressive forces—the disunity among the parties of the left and among labor itself, the paralysis of democracy—helped to open the way to reaction at the peak of which stood Adolf Hitler.

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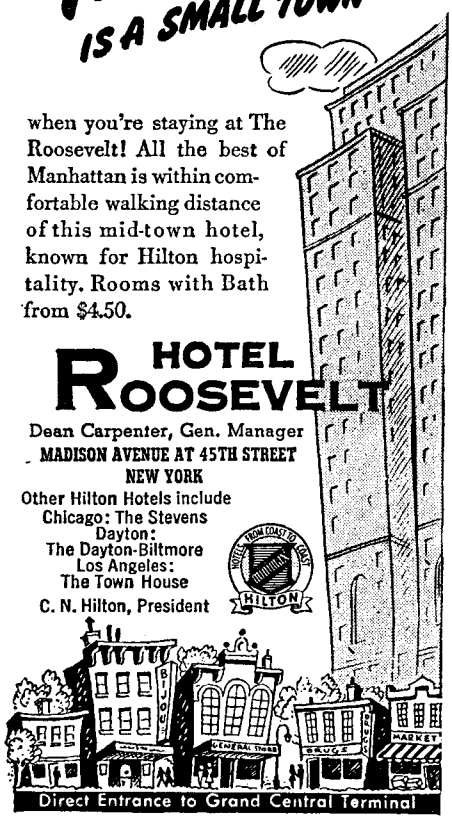

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Cardhouse Built Upon Sand

THE HOUSE OF EUROPE. By Paul Scott Mowrer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 647 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

The danger is that the nations should continue to let the affairs of their world-community simply drift, as heretofore; and that the lessons learned in such bitterness and suffering by the present generation should be allowed to die from mind unheeded, or not acted upon. If something new is to be attempted, the propitious time is in precisely such a period of disorder, uncertainty, and reconstruction as the present. I believe that people's minds are still open, and that it is not yet too late to set ourselves seriously to the task of world organization.

THESE timely words are not taken from Mowrer's present book. While worming my way through this bulky volume, I became so fascinated by this autobiography of an outstanding American newspaperman that I decided to read one of his former books to round out the picture. The quotation is taken from a book Mowrer wrote twelve years ago ("Our Foreign Affairs"); read in retrospect, it proves more convincingly than his latest work can possibly do that this intelligent and sensitive man, endowed with an innate sense of responsibility toward his nation, has long seen the dark signs on the wall; he has long been a fighter against isolation and hypocrisy in the United States and for a working world organization.

The main value of Mowrer's latest book consists in his able analysis of the human forces which were at work during the fateful decades when he viewed the world's stage from Paris. In spite of the fact that for 23 years he was the Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, Mowrer never became a pseudo-European. His outlook remained American, his world view is that of a Middlewestern American who has seen enough of the world to be immune against isolationism. But perhaps not quite immune: to Mowrer, the backyard behind his house of Europe ended at Russia's western frontier. It seems that his travels never took him to Russia, although the contract with his newspaper gave him complete freedom to go wherever trouble was brewing. To him, it was enough to view the eastern horizon from its border regions. No wonder that Mowrer, like most of us, failed completely in the attempt to evaluate the rising tide from the U.S.S.R. But there is enough left in Mowrer's account of how the house of Europe sagged in its foundations between 1906-1933 that makes it absorbingly interesting. The future historians of our time will find that his narrative of France, of the Balkans, of British balance-of-power schemes, of the abuse of reparations in Germany, of Hoover's bungling foreign policy is filled with invaluable source material and that it reveals more about the background of the last war than dozens of learned textbooks could possibly do.

As an autobiography, the book is, in spite of many fascinating glimpses, a disappointment. Six hundred and thirty pages of "Forever Mowrer" is too much to keep the interest of the general reader awake who does not know the multitude of persons and places around which the author's story revolves. Sometimes the reader will find long accounts of persons and events which are of no particular interest to him; sometimes, as in the case of Anatole France or Jean Jaurès, he will envy the author who was privileged to meet them and will be disappointed in the meager description of their meetings.

The first hundred pages of the book have nothing to do with the "House of Europe." They contain reminiscences of a happy boyhood in Illinois, school and student days in Chicago and Ann Arbor, and of his beginnings as a reporter, at five dollars a week. It seems to me that it does Mowrer great credit that his "House in the Middle West" impressed me as much as, and in parts even more than, his "House of Europe." Of the shining palace the house of Europe once was, even though it was a cardhouse built upon the sand, there is little said in the book that has not been told by others. But how the cracks came to grow in its ceilings and how the house collapsed in ruins scattered all over what is today the world's Dark Continent, is a story skilfully and often excitingly told.

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(Continued from page 20)

description of the Arab lands of the Near East and part sympathetic and understanding analysis of their culture with special emphasis on the attitude of the young *effendi*.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS. Edited by Carl Van Doren. Viking.

Equipped with excellent comment by the editor.

ARAGON: POET OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE. Edited by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

Tributes by his friends to a poet whose work in the underground was as full of drama as his literary work is of interest. Excellent translations of his poetry are included.

PLANTATION PARADE. By Arnett T. Kane. Morrow.

History and description of Louisiana plantations.

THE B.O.W.S. By Margalo Gillmore and Patricia Collinge. Harcourt, Brace.

Entertaining chronicle of the experiences of the cast of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" which played to the troops abroad.

REPENT IN HASTE. By John Marquand. Little, Brown.

A novel of the veteran's return done with consummate craftsmanship and moving understanding of psychological problems.

I SAW THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE. By Ella Winter. Little, Brown.

Russia, so well known to the author years ago, revisited.

THE GREAT PACIFIC VICTORY. By Gilbert Cant. John Day.

An account of events from the Solomons to Tokio.

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A popular exposition, by an outstanding scientist, of the descent of man.

THE WISDOM TREE. By Emma Hawkridge. Houghton Mifflin.

A study in comparative religion for the lay reader at once informative and excellent reading.

HERITAGE OF FIRE. By Friedelind Wagner and Page Cooper. Harpers.

Presents a new side of Hitler through its depiction of his relations with the Wagner family in Bayreuth. The author, the anti-Nazi of her family, saw the Fuehrer in his friendliest guise before she cast off her country because of his debasement of it.

THE COSSACKS. By Maurice Hindus. Random House.

Mr. Hindus returned to Russia after a lapse of years and travelled widely through the Kuban Cossack country. The first part of his book is a history of the Cossacks, the second a description of the people as he found them after war had swept through their land.

GLORY FOR ME. By MacKinlay Kantor. Coward-McCann.

A novel in verse dealing with the return of the veteran. Effective and moving.

BEACH RED. By Peter Bowman. Random House.

In cadenced prose Mr. Bowman has told the story of one hour in the experience of a man who made an amphibious attack in the Pacific.

LOVELY IS THE LEE. By Robert Gibbings. Dutton.

A charming portrayal of Irish river country, shot through with reflection and comment.

THE TROLLOPES. By Lucy P. Stebbins and Richard P. Stebbins. Columbia University Press.

Biography of a remarkable family, with its emphasis divided between Frances and Anthony.

December

ATOMIC ENERGY IN THE COMING ERA. By David Dietz. Dodd, Mead.

A survey in terms simple enough for the lay reader.

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ANNOUNCING

This is the Christmas

By RUTH SAWYER

One of the loveliest Christmas stories of all times told as only the author of "The Voyage of the Wee Red Cap" can tell it. In distinguished format, with decorations adapted from peasant embroidery designs, this Serbian folk tale will be enjoyed by children and grown-ups alike. A perfect Christmas gift book.

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Books, Children and Men, by Paul Hazard. Translated by Marguerite Mitchell, with foreword by Dr. Horatio Smith of Columbia University. **$3.00**

"No more important book on literature for children has appeared within the past decade."—*Frances Clarke Sayers, New York Public Library*

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Parental Education

AMERICAN CHILD. A Sonnet Sequence. By Paul Engle. New York: Random House. 1945. 66 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

PAUL ENGLE writes poetry as though poetry were merely a means of recording observations and meditating the meaning of the world. There is nothing occult or oversubtle about his work; it is sheer communication of ideas from the poet to the reader. He has had a daughter; he has therefore written a sonnet sequence on having a daughter.

The most original of the sonnets are those of direct observation. Like many a modern parent, their author has been reëducated by attending preschool in the person of his child and by there having life reënacted in its elemental stages and explained to him by experts in child psychology. And he has learned to study his own child at home so objectively that the world of childish experience is revealed to him without a trace of the traditional mawkishness of even poetical parents:

> Tearing off her reticence, the way
> We peel the tight bark from the live birch tree
> She told us the layered sorrow of that day.

Here is the tragic intensity of the wrong done, an unwarranted attack on another child. Most parents would punish and forget, he stands by to

> wait and watch humiliation
> Enter, and live in her own pure aliveness,

to bring its own retribution. Simply because he has learned to allow the child her own experience, he can understand, dimly, the child world from which parents are excluded:

> Let her remain in part an animal . . .
> Let the decisions of her day be all
> Animal simple, which is human wise.

Mr. Engle is at his best when he is merely trying to fathom what time, space, death, love, and reality can mean to a child as she encounters them directly. He is more conventional and less successful when he philisophizes in his own right. And he is least successful of all in the four sonnets which frame the collection and which tie the volume into the theme of his major work, the celebration of America. These sonnets undoubtedly will gain the most attention, but let me for one record a preference for those in which Mr. Engle is merely a parent at school to his child. Here is the mood of sensitivity, of humility, and of insight which makes for true poetry. The oracular mood of the laureate seems tawdry beside it.

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ATOMIC ENERGY in WAR and PEACE

By GESSNER G. HAWLEY,
Chief Technical Editor, Reinhold Publishing Corp.

and SIGMUND W. LEIFSON,
Professor of Physics, University of Nevada

Here is the step-by-step story of the discovery and understanding of atomic energy, the conditions of its release, and its harnessing in war and peace.

Mr. Hawley informs and teaches, but does it in so interesting and amiable a manner that the intelligent reader is enlightened and inspired. Professor Leifson is an authority on the structure of matter, and studied for his doctorate under the brilliant group of atomic pioneers at the University of California.

Mr. Hawley's recent book, "Seeing the Invisible" (Knopf), about the electron microscope, established him as an author who can accurately interpret scientific developments entertainingly, yet with that rare non-boring precision so greatly to be desired.

Profusely Illustrated. Probably $2.50 *(Ready November)*

THE ART OF BUILDING CITIES

By CAMILLO SITTE; *translated from the German by Lt. Charles T. Stewart, USNR, former director, The Urban Land Institute*

A classic in its field, thoroughly modern in its approach to the problem of urban planning. Its first appearance in English will be welcomed by architects and city designers. In addition to the original text, it features a foreword by the noted architect, Eliel Saarinen, and a supplementary chapter by Arthur C. Holden, illustrating applications of Sitte's theories in New York and Washington. Sympathetic in treatment, architecturally sound—above all, practical and constructively modern in its outlook.

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NEW CITY PATTERNS

By S. E. SANDERS, *Director, City Planning Research, FWA, PBA, Washington, D. C.*

and A. J. RABUCK, *City Planning Research, PBA, Washington, D. C.*

One of the most fascinating and truly enjoyable discussions on city planning, this book is thoroughly practical and realistic. The text is devoted to able discussions of the organization of metropolitan planning commissions and the exact methods to be followed to insure that each new improvement or change shall coincide with a carefully predetermined plan. The authors devote much attention to parks, greenbelts, wedges, playgrounds, community shopping and parking areas; non-stop highways diverting heavy traffic from residential streets.

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Land Pioneers

THE FARMER'S LAST FRONTIER. By Fred A. Shannon. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 488 pp. $5.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

SEEKING to pose the brief time of man on this planet against the age of earth, as nearly as geologists can figure it, I once contrived an exercise in perspective: The age of earth is to the age of man as the stretch of a full year, day and night, is to four minutes. The age of American white civilization, in these terms, is twenty seconds. Professor Shannon's account of our seizure and treatment of American soil covers only the years 1860 to 1897—yet even in that time he tells of a basic transformation in large part sorrowful.

His book is excellent. The story is thoroughly told, with unsparing detail, fully documented. His manner is somewhat too stiffly scholarly, for my taste; but much of the writing is vibrant. Fred Shannon's sense of excitement over the tremendous importance of the plain facts he is narrating, together with his blazing indignation at the whirl of social thuggery which makes up so much of our history in respect to land acquisition and use, break through his pretense of utter objectivity again and again and enliven his work enormously.

As professor of history at the University of Illinois, the author lives close to the heart of the region which underwent the greatest transformation during the thirty-seven post-war years in question. He knows, or has found out more about it, in detail, than any other author I have ever read. It is amazing and disquieting now to review the prodigal governmental handout under which our country was possessed and settled, and the thievery, great and petty, which so often prevailed.

The successive Homestead Acts, as Shannon presents them, made small, "independent" settlers more often stooges for great monopolists than not, and often crooked stooges. They swore to lies, and grabbed off millions of the richest land in our country by ingenious little tricks, punctuated at times with gunfire, but more often carried off without risk or violence, simply in the manner of David Harum, slick. Required to swear that a habitable dwelling twelve by twelve by fourteen was on the claim he wanted, one patriot rigged up a doll house of that proportion in inches, and toted it around from claim to claim. Men and women sometimes lived in sin, Shannon shows, because if they married they rated only one claim, not two.

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In the light of present consequences, the sin done our land by a completely irresponsible attitude as to ownership or stewardship became far more serious than the sexual irregularities of that spacious era.

Those pioneer days were not, of course, wholly mean or unattractive. Actual hardship often endowed with some glamor the game and the grab. In torrid Kansas they told gay stories of popcorn popping in the heat of the day and mules thinking it was snow and freezing to death. "One hundred and ten in the shade, and all the shade in the next county," is a common saying there. Many settlers actually earned their "free" land by sweat and blood. But the handout was so conducted, generally, that it did not greatly forward the Jeffersonian dream of free and honest yeomen intelligently husbanding family-sized farms of their own. "Congress was feeling so generous about the disposal of the poor men's heritage," Shannon comments acidly, that . . . "the homesteaders, even those who acted as tools for the speculators, got just about one acre out of every six or seven that the government gave up. . . . The railroads got 286,000 square miles, an area larger than Texas, or nearly a tenth of all the United States. The companies were not only given their railroads—they were given a bonus to accept them."

Turning South, Shannon relates in detail the pitiful story of a defeated people turning, under absentee propulsion after the Civil War, from outright slavery to cropper peonage. Then to the West again, the story traces the beginnings of corporate large-scale farming and human displacement by mechanizations as far back as 1867. Displacement proceeded so fast that, by 1900, 18,000,000 fewer people got their living directly from American soil than had done so in 1860.

"The Farmer's Last Frontier" is Volume V of a projected series on economic history, and the first one to be published. The strict confines, 1860-1897, roped off for this work, delimit the author, I feel, rather too closely when it comes to discussing the present consequences of land banditry and butchery. But he manages to suggest, to me at least, that if the guiding governmental policy had been to put pieces of land into the hands of poor or middling well-to-do families, giving them aid and guidance in caring for and holding it, and charging them with constant responsibility for its proper use and tillage, we might have been spared such rude devices as the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the present patchwork ministrations of the Farm Security Administration.

Books to Throw Light on Today's Problems

APPROACHES TO NATIONAL UNITY
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Edited by **Lyman Bryson,** *Columbia University,* **Louis Finkelstein,** *Jewish Theological Seminary,* **R. M. MacIver,** *Columbia University*

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AMERICAN LABOR UNIONS
What They Are and How They Work
by Florence Peterson, *Director, Industrial Relations Division, Bureau of Labor Statistics, U. S. Department of Labor*

Every thoughtful citizen who would know whereof he speaks about labor union and strikes should read this book. It answers questions arising daily about the what, why and how of organized labor. "A veritable mine of information and a most useful source of reference."—*New York Herald Tribune.*
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Its Tasks and Opportunities
by Brand Blanshard, *Swarthmore College,* **Curt J. Ducasse,** *Brown University,* **Charles W. Hendel,** *Yale University,* **Arthur E. Murphy,** *University of Illinois,* **Max C. Otto,** *University of Wisconsin*

Here five prominent university teachers of philosophy discuss the contemporary trends in philosophy, the methods of philosophical instruction, with specific proposals for change. This book constitutes their report as a Commission on the Function of Philosophy in Liberal Education, organized by the American Philosophical Association, to study the status and potentialities of philosophical instruction in this country.
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How We Qualify for a Democratic Society
by Bonaro W. Overstreet

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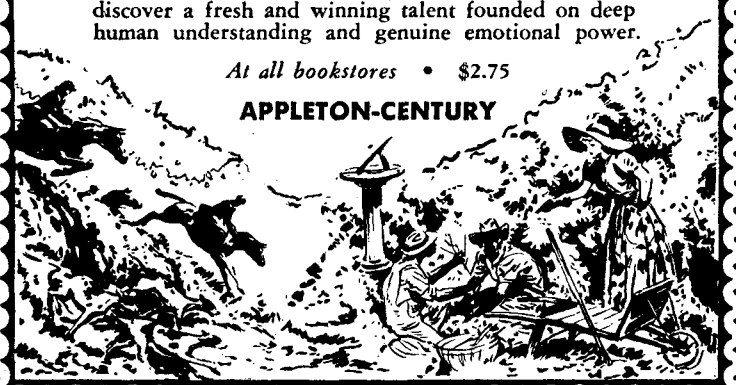

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ART EXHIBITIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this issue,* The Saturday Review *inaugurates the first of a regular monthly listing of the art exhibitions being shown throughout the United States.*

ALBANY, N. Y.

Institute of History and Art: Portraits of Americans by Enit Kaufman, Oct. 3-28.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Addison Gallery of American Art: Selections from the Gallery Collection of Drawings and Watercolors; 14 Paintings by Van Gogh, to Oct. 22.

AUBURN, N. Y.

Cayuga Museum: 8th Finger Lakes Exhibition. Local Industrial Exhibit.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Museum of Art: National Serigraph Society.

BOSTON, MASS.

Boris Mirsky Gallery: Work by Carlos Merida.

Institute of Modern Art: Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, from Oct. 15.

Museum of Fine Arts: Paintings of Paris, 1945, by Floyd Davis and Gladys Rockmore Davis; 1000 Years of Landscape, from Oct. 24.

Vose Galleries: Paintings by Wm. Dean Fausett.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Albright Art Gallery: Paintings by Esther Goetz; Buffalo Society of Artists.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Art Institute: The Craft Tradition in American Household Art; Work by Richard Bowman and Russell Woeltz; Chinese Costumes, from Oct. 20; 56th Annual Exhibition of American Oils, from Oct. 25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Museum of Art: Paintings by Milwaukee Artists' Group, Oct. 9-28.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Gallery of Fine Arts: Twelve Contemporary Americans.

DALLAS, TEX.

Museum of Fine Arts: Portrait of America; Early Decorative Maps, from Oct. 21.

DAYTON, OHIO

Art Institute: Dayton Society of Painters.

DENVER, COLO.

Museum of Art: Paintings by Past Presidents of the Denver Artists Guild, Chappell House.

DETROIT, MICH.

Institute of Art: "Built in the U. S. A."; Art of India; Watercolors by Baron Maydell, from Oct. 15. American Birds and Their Painters, from Oct. 20.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Herron Art Institute: Mrs. J. W. Thorne's American Rooms in Miniature; Photographs of Early American Architecture.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Nelson Gallery of Art: Modern French Paintings.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

City Hall: Members of the Laguna Beach Art Gallery.

County Museum: Victory in the Pacific;

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Sculpture by Henry Lion; Calif. Water Color Society.

MILWAUKEE, WISC.

Layton Art Gallery:

Art Institute: Sculpture by Wolfgang Behl; Watercolors by Paul Fontaine; La Vera Pohl; Modern Art in Advertising.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Institute of Arts: Arms and Armor, from Oct. 6.

Walker Art Center: Paintings by Marsden Hartley, to Oct. 14.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Art Museum: May D. Murray Collection of Fine Prints, Oct. 10-28.

NEWARK, N. J.

Artists of Today Gallery: Paintings and Drawings by Negro Artists, Oct. 13; Capt. Wm. A. Hughes, from Oct. 15.
Museum: The United Nations; American Folk Art; Art of the Potter.

NEW YORK CITY

A.C.A. Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Philip Reisman, to Oct. 20.

Acquavella Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Selected Paintings of Various Schools.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Portraits by Louise Lemp, Water Colors by Sascher Maurer, Oct. 15-27.

Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: Watercolors of New York by Z. Czermanski, Oct. 2-20; Ivan LeLorraine Albright and Zsissly, from Oct. 22.

Barzansky Gallery, 664 Madison Ave.: Paintings by Joseph V. Gatto, from Oct. 16.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Modern French Paintings, to Oct. 20; 19th Century French Paintings, from Oct. 22.

Bland Gallery, 45 E. 57 St.: Early American Paintings and Prints.

Brandt Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Paul Mommer, Oct. 1-20.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway: War Weapons of the Pacific. Life on the Mississippi, from Oct. 5; American Pewter.

Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Kurt Roesch, Oct. 2-20.

Carroll Carstairs, 11 E. 57 St.: 19th and 20th Century Paintings.

Contemporary Arts, Inc., 106 E. 57 St.: Theodore Fried, to Oct. 19; Philip Pieck, Oct. 15-Nov. 2.

Douthitt Gallery, 9 E. 57 St.: Historical American Paintings.

Downtown Gallery, 43 E. 51 St.: 20th Anniversary Loan Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture.

Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: Pastels by Gross-Bettelheim, Oct. 8-27.

Durlacher Bros., 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Walter Quirt, Oct. 2-27.

Duveen Bros., 720 Fifth Ave.: Old Masters.

Eighth Street Gallery, 33 W. 8 St.: Eighth Indoor Art Fair, Oct. 1-28; Paintings by Pvt. Fred Rowland, Oct. 15-28.

Feigl Gallery, 601 Madison Ave.: Paintings by Antonin Pels, from Oct. 20.

Ferargil Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Early American Paintings, Oct. 4-24.

Galerie Neuf, 342 E. 79 St.: Nora Herz and David Sortor.

Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Railroad Landscapes by John M. Sitton, Oct. 17-27.

Harlem Public Library, 104 W. 136 St.: Drawings of the Southwest Pacific by Pfc. Frank S. Dorsay, to Oct. 17.

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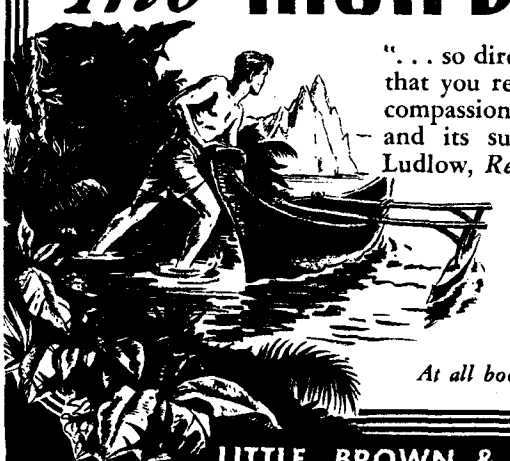

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Jacob Hirsch, 30 W. 54 St.: Antiques and Works of Art.

Kleemann Galleries, 65 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Hans Moller, Oct. 1-27.

Kootz Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Oils and Gouaches by R. Bearden, Oct. 8-27.

Kraushaar Galleries, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by John Hartell, Oct. 8-27.

Mortimer Levitt Gallery, 16 W. 57 St.: Watercolors by 8 Artists, from Oct. 8; Paintings by Denny Winters, from Oct. 22.

John Levy Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: American and English Paintings.

Julien Levy Gallery, 42 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Peter Miller, Oct. 9-29.

Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57 St.: French Masters, to Oct. 18; Paintings by Frederick Serger, Oct. 20-Nov. 10.

Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Group Exhibition, Oct. 1-27.

Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57 St.: Group Exhibitions of Modern French Paintings.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82 St.: Islamic Metalwork, from Oct. 10; Prints and Drawings by Goya; Greek Art.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Watercolors by Dong Kingman, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Group Exhibition, to Oct. 20; Paintings by Helen Sawyer, from Oct. 22.

John Mitchell, 65 E. 57 St.: English Landscape Paintings.

Modern Age Gallery, 16 E. 34 St.: Shirley Hendrick and Harry Shoulberg, from Oct. 10.

Modern Art Studio, 637 Madison Ave.: Paintings by Ann Wolverton, to Oct. 20.

Muller Gallery, 601 Madison Ave.: American and English Landscapes.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: at 103 St.: "New York's Finest," "Rolling Stock by John Stephenson," to Oct. 15; "Tinsel Pin-ups of the 19th Century, from Oct. 25.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Museum Collection of Painting and Sculpture; Costume Carnival.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54 St.: Alice Mattern Memorial Exhibition, from Oct. 15.

National Academy Galleries, Fifth Ave. at 90 St.: Society of American Etchers, from Oct. 17.

New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West: The Jenny Lind Collection.

Natural History Museum, Central Park West and 77th St.: Exhibition by N.Y.U. Clinic for Gifted Children, to Oct. 21.

New-Age Gallery, 138 W. 15 St.: Group Show in All Media, Oct. 6-31.

Newhouse Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Anna E. Meltzer, Oct. 16-30.

Nierendorf Gallery, 53 E. 57 St.: Forbidden Art of the Third Reich.

Niveau Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Gouaches of Paris by Cobelle, Portraits by Segy, Oct. 6-19; 19th Century French Paintings, from Oct. 20.

O'Connor Gallery, 640 Madison Ave.: Paintings from Irish Collections.

Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Ave.: American 19th Century Paintings.

Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57 St.: Etchings and Engravings, Oct. 9-16; 19th Century Paintings, Oct. 12-18; Willys Collection of Old Masters, Oct. 20-25.

Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Majorie Schiele, Oct. 15-27.

Perls Gallery, 32 E. 58 St.: Paintings by Darrel Austin, Oct. 8-Nov. 3.

Portraits, Inc., 460 Park Ave.: Portraits by Americans.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive: N. Y. Society of Women Artists, Oct. 7-28.

Paul Rosenberg & Co., 16 E. 57 St.: Still Life Paintings by Avery, Hartley, Knaths, Rattner and Weber, Oct. 1-27.

Schaefer, Bertha, 32 E. 57 St.: Twelve American Painters, Oct. 8-30.

Schaeffer Gallery, 52 E. 58 St.: Old Master Paintings.

Schneider-Gabriel Galleries, 69 E. 57 St.: Paintings of Various Schools.

Schoneman Galleries, 73 E 57 St.: Paintings of All Periods.

Silberman Galleries, 32 E. 57 St.: Early and Modern Masters.

Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Ave.: Iowa State University Students, from Oct. 15.

Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64 St.: Pissarro Retrospective Exhibition, from Oct. 24.

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Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8 St.: Portraits and Landscapes by Ralph Earl, from Oct. 16.

Howard Young Gallery, 1 E. 57 St.: Old Masters.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Art Alliance: Paintings by Henry O. Tanner; Invitation Annual Show; Illustrations by N. Mordvinoff, Russian Facsimiles, to Oct. 21; Industrial Design by Sundberg and Ferar.

Academy of Fine Arts: 43rd Annual Water Color and Print Exhibition; 44th Annual of Miniatures, from Oct. 20.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Carnegie Institute: Paintings in the United States, 1945; Current American Prints; from Oct. 11.

J. J. Gillespie Galleries: Pittsburgh Water Color Society, 1st Exhibition, to Oct. 15.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Berkshire Museum: Berkshire Business Men's Art League of N. Adams, Mass.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Art Museum: Thomas Eakins Centennial Exhibition, to Oct. 26; Prints by Members of the Oregon Guild of Painters and Sculptors.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Museum of Art: Paintings by Living Chinese Artists, from Oct. 7; Print Exhibitions of the French Revolution and Napoleonic Empire.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Fine Arts Gallery: Paintings by Fran Soldini; Hand Loomed Rugs by C. H. Smith; Watercolors by San Diego Art Guild; Paintings by David Vaughan.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

De Young Museum: Still Life Paintings by Wilma Prezzi.

Palace of Legion of Honor: Albert C. Hooper Memorial; Paintings and Sculpture by Robert B. Howard; Italian Old Master Paintings and Drawings; Gordon Blanding Loan Exhibition.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: Portraits of Famous Americans of Negro Origin, to Oct. 22.

SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Art Museum: Work of the Colleges and Schools of Springfield.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

City Art Museum: Hann Collection of Russian Icons and Decorative Objects, to Oct. 15; Works of Lyonel Feininger, to Oct. 14.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Gallery and School of Art: Minn. Sculptors Group, Oct. 1-15; Paintings and Drawings by L. Feininger, from Oct. 24.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Museum of Art: Paintings of the French countryside, from Oct. 7.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Gallery of Art: Encyclopedia Britannica Collection of Contemporary American Paintings, to Oct. 14.

National Gallery of Art: New Acquisitions in the Rosenwald Collection, to Oct. 21.

Smithsonian Institution: Portraits of "Flying Tigers" by R. P. R. Neilson, Oct. 4-28.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Watercolors from the Permanent Collection, to Oct. 14; Palmer Undersea Paintings; New Year Retrospective Show, from Oct. 12.

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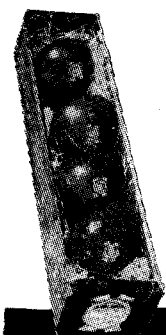

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THE CULT OF THE ROBE

(Continued from page 13)

"law" is thus regarded as the private possession of a professional guild. This attitude is beginning to break down. It is an idea that should be rejected in toto. The courts should feel obligated to make themselves intelligible to the man on the street or in the subway. Unfrock the judge, have him dress like ordinary men, become in appearance like his fellows, and he may well be more inclined to talk and write more comprehensibily. Plain dress may encourage plain speaking.

In 1898, Mr. Justice Brewer called it a mistake to suppose that the Supreme Court is either honored or helped by being considered beyond criticism. "On the contrary," he said, "the life and character of its Justices should be the objects of constant watchfulness by all, and its judgments subject to the freest criticism. The time is past in the history of the world when any living man or body of men can be set on a pedestal and decorated with a halo." But many lawyers and judges did not agree with him. Believing in a judicial aristocracy, they believed also in judicial immunity from freedom of the press, a basic principle of a democratic America. Recurrently, without a jury trial, a judge has jailed or fined for "contempt of court," not the wrongdoer creating a disturbance in the courtroom or refusing to obey a court order, but a newspaper writer who had the temerity to publish a criticism of that judge's official conduct in trying a case. Published criticism in the course of a trial interferes with the proper discharge of judicial duties —such is the excuse given for such a "contempt" sentence. "Liberty of the press," so the argument runs, "is subordinate to the independence of the judiciary." Yet there is no press immunity for a President, a Senator, a Congressman, Governor, or Mayor in the midst of performing his official duties. None of these officials can summarily fine or jail his critics; the most he can do is to institute suit for falsehood or malice. Nor will such a suit, as in the case of the judge, be decided by the maligned official himself. The unique right of the judge to be insulated from adverse comment must rest on the belief in his peculiar sanctity, and his consequent protection from the ordinary democratic processes.

Happily, in 1941, the Supreme Court did away with that kind of judicial insulation. In the Bridges contempt case, the Court decided that the Bill of Rights was violated by a judgment of contempt of court for publication of a newspaper article. "No purpose," said the Court, "in ratifying the Bill of Rights was clearer than that of securing for the people of the United States much greater freedom of expression . . . than the people of Great Britain had ever enjoyed." The founders of our government "intended to give to liberty of the press . . . the broadest scope that could be countenanced in an orderly society. . . . The assumption that respect for the judiciary can be won by shielding judges from published criticism wrongly appraises the character of American public opinion. For it is a prized American privilege to speak one's mind, although not always with perfect good taste, on all public institutions. And an enforced silence, however limited, solely in the name of preserving the dignity of the bench, would probably engender resentment, suspicion and contempt much more than it would enhance respect. . . . Legal trials are not like elections, to be won through the use of the meeting-hall, the radio, and the newspaper But we cannot start with the assumption that publications . . . actually do threaten to change the nature of legal trials, and that to preserve judicial impartiality, it is necessary for judges to have a contempt power by

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which they can close all channels of public expression to all matters which touch upon pending cases."

By this decision, the Supreme Court did its best to undermine the myth of judicial divinity. A judge can still keep order in his court room. He can still adjudge in contempt for an inflammatory publication likely to create court room disorder. But he can no longer stifle the rights of free speech and free press when exercised to his discomfort. Judges must now recognize that the Supreme Court regards them as no better than other public servants. Interestingly enough, Mr. Justice Black, who wrote the opinion in the Bridges case, a short time later, due doubtless to a lapse of memory even an amateur psychologist could explain, appeared on the bench minus his robe.

It is high time that all judges give up their ancient trappings. The robe as a symbol is out of date, an anachronistic remnant of ceremonial government. An immature society may need or like to fear its rulers, but a vital and developing America can risk full equality. A judge who is part of a legal system serving present needs should not be clothed in the quaint garment of the distant past. Just as the robe conceals the physical contours of the man, so it conceals from the public his mental contours. When the human elements in the judging process are hidden, justice operates darklingly. Now that the Supreme Court has declared the judiciary a part of candid democratic government, the cult of the robe should be discarded.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 121

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 121 will be found in the next issue.

UAD CE URBA RY VE EXVUU

V WRFWVA VE NA NRUU, NA

VFA ARDQAF ZAIDKFE KF

WFAZRDKFE IALKFA NA QVBA

QVZ DRXA DK UKKT VFKCYZ.

—AUAWDRBA VLLRYRDRAE.

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Love Story

LEAVE CANCELLED. By Nicholas Monsarrat. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 124 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

YOU can take two opposed attitudes towards "leave cancelled" (why the preciousness of avoiding capital letters on the title page?). You can, if you belong to the tough-minded, regard it as a somewhat wire-drawn piece of sentimentality about an army officer's twenty-four hours with his newly-wedded wife, and I note that some of the reviewers have tended towards an expression of superiority to marivaudage and psychological sweetness. Or you can, as I think, look a little deeper beneath the surface of this unpretentious little story and discover a rather moving treatment of the psychology of love. For myself, I find the tale serious and sweet; and if sometimes the sweetness is a touch too much, the general good sense of the writer is usually at work in control of his materials. If one thinks of what an Elinor Glyn would have made of this theme, one sees Mr. Monsarrat's small and accurate triumph.

When two intelligent young persons fall in love and are united in lawful matrimony and have a day and night to spend under the shadow of impending departure and possible death, what do they think? what do they feel? what do they say? The book is the record of the young husband's side of the story. He manages to combine intelligence and physical passion to a just degree, and he manages to describe a night in a hotel bedroom in a way that will not trouble even Boston and that yet makes you feel a night in a hotel bedroom in these circumstances was so and not otherwise. I think this is effective writing.

Perhaps the structural flaw of "leave cancelled" is that, having committed himself to the masculine point of view, Mr. Monsarrat is bound to continue with it under the rules of his own game. Consequently we never know the wife except as the husband, laboring under the difficulty of being at once devoted and descriptive, lets us see her. What she says is not her *ipsissima verba* but what the husband remembers her as saying in order that the reader may hear her say it. This is a little too much like graceful rope-dancing; it can be done, but you wish he wouldn't.

Nevertheless, I thought "leave cancelled" a sensitive and intelligent story.

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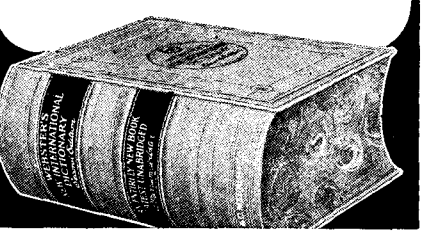

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ADVENTURES IN STARTING A LITERARY MAGAZINE

(*Continued from page 15*)

balancing what we got, arranging a first number where everything was to swing into place like toy stars and planets in a model for a class in astronomy. The result was farcical, since it pleased everyone but the editor, who was still too inexperienced to be anything but a perfectionist. This outline so pleased the publishers that an actual storm of last-minute advertising swept away the further reaches of our orbits with their nice adjustments of minor constellations of criticism and comment intended to complete the harmony of the whole. To change the figure, the rear of my magazine became a billboard; and to change it again, to my eyes, though fortunately not to others, the first number of *The Literary Review* looked like a man in a dress suit, with the tails cut off, and patches visible on the seat of his trousers.

My colleagues developed abilities which they scarcely knew that they possessed. Amy Loveman was soon more knowledgeable about books and authors than anyone else in town. She had been trained as an assistant on an encyclopedia, and heartily enjoyed escaping from the dead to the living. William Rose Benét, already a poet of distinction, proved to be a congenital columnist, and his wise and witty comments as the human comedy of literary creation were soon being widely quoted. His neighbor in the next cubicle, Christopher Morley, and he soon borrowed a name from the half legendary figure of Sir Kenelm Digby, which they shifted back and forth as a shield behind which to shoot at all and sundry, including each other. I was not only editor, but contact man in a large way. It was my job to herd the great in name and experience into our little clearing and milk them of what they could be persuaded to let down of critical wisdom or scholarly erudition. It was surprising how many came.

A magazine, I decided, must have either a policy or an idea, or both, in which case the emphasis would be sure to fall on one or the other. I had no objection to the policy magazine, as long as the policy did not interfere with the job of making a good magazine. *The New Republic,* once so brilliant, had been left sprawling by the war and was seeking a line by which to pull itself together again. The old, rather pedantic, *Nation* was turning leftward, with new blood in its veins. *The New Masses,* a portent of the fanatic ideologies and brutal politics in

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Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel
"When a Byrd of Virginia goes deliberately, completely and delightfully mad with a pen the net result is pure delight; a volume along the lines of 'Our Hearts Were Young and Gay' but better, yes, very much better."

the storm clouds ahead, was all policy, so much so that in the reviewing pages you could predict in advance what they would say of any controversial book. It was a valuable irritant, but bitterly unfair, and often stupidly ignorant of any values not in its own ten commandments. Being a Quaker in mood, tolerant, but passionately concerned for a more intelligent world, I was better pleased by magazines with ideas rather than dogmatisms behind them. I liked *The New Yorker* because it was aware of the new sophistication of urban society, and made its own very real idealism articulate by good-humored irony, whose cutting edge just emerged like a safety-razor blade. I respected, though I did not always like, *Time,* because in an accelerating world it made the escape from provincialism easier.

My own idea was not original. Indeed it was only the Jeffersonian belief in the necessity of education for a successful democracy. I wanted to go in for adult education in the values of books—all kinds of books, foreign as well as native, but particularly the current books of our country. I wanted criticism to be first of all a teaching job. And, indeed, whether running a Freshman class, or editing *The Saturday Review,* or chairmaning The Book-of-the-Month Club, the inner impulse with me, and probably the chief value, has been the same, to teach.

Teaching is a delicate affair—a real art—and has to be separated from the more obvious tasks of critics, such as making and breaking reputations. I did some of that, but chose for my main task a series of weekly editorial essays whose purpose was a commentary on the ups and downs and ins and outs of the life of books, interpreting, prophesying when I dared, summarizing when I could, and never hesitating to swing from critical theory into nature descriptions (which I liked to write) if I felt that the cockneys were getting too far away from earth. They were true "assays," that is experiments in the search for values, leaving the working out of what I suggested to others, often to later and more ambitious efforts of my own.

* * *

And so *The Literary Review,* the parent of *The Saturday Review,* began to slide weekly from the presses. I took opinions as to its merits and demerits wherever I could get them, but the management of *The Evening Post,* on which, for all our independence, we were dependent for our existence, naturally looked to the publishers, whose support, or lack of it, could make or break us. They sup-

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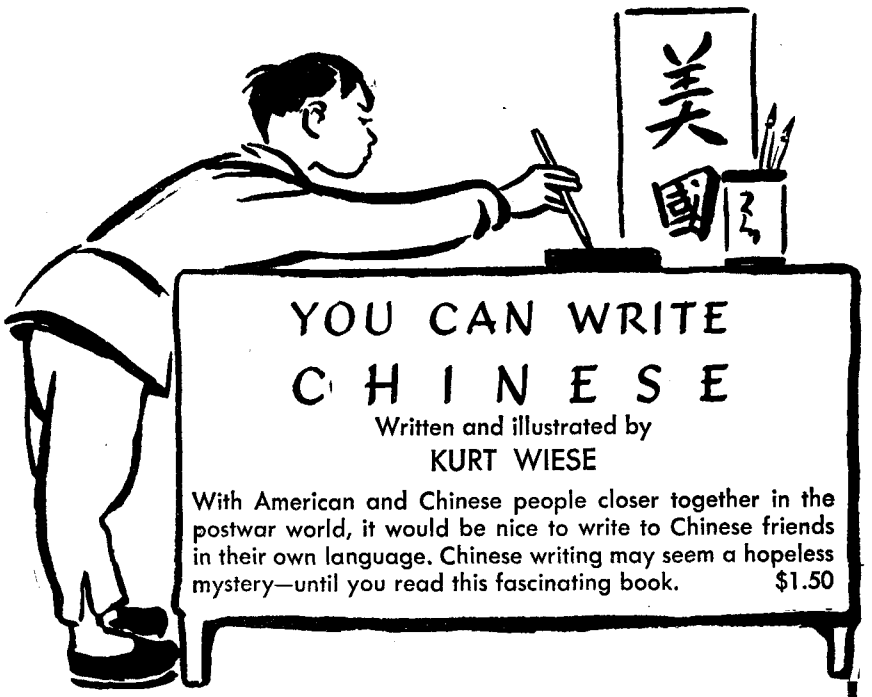
ported us, but they were by no means enthusiastic. I had thrown my nets widely for contributions, but most widely in the academic pool which I knew best. The magazine, so the trade thought, was unnecessarily erudite. And indeed it soon became more authoritative in its reviews of serious books than any other medium in America. It was the literary supplement of the *London Times,* and no periodical on this side of the water, which was held up to us as an example of a dignity and a scope to which we had not yet attained, and indeed I could well understand that publishers' salesmen and booksellers were at first inclined to regard *The Review* as just one more burden in their difficult business.

The inevitable day came when *The Evening Post,* staggering under its debts, was swallowed in one expensive gulp by the Curtis family organization, then at the height of its affluence. Henceforth, and for a little while, our *Post* was to become a New York edition of a Philadelphia paper.

I came back from a brief Southern vacation to find a brisk managerial person in charge, who regarded our practical idealism (for our book section had made money) and our national circulation and influence as a string quartet playing irrelevantly in the corner of his three-ring circus. And so I wrote a final editorial headed, "And Twitched His Mantle Blue," guessing that the new proprietors would not know what was the following line in "Lycidas"—"Tomorrow to fresh woods, and pastures new."

The Literary Review itself became, first a hodge-podge, then a heading with a few reviews beneath it. But our friends would not let us die. With the support of Thomas W. Lamont and the coöperation of the editors of *Time,* two of whom had been students of mine at Yale, we migrated en masse—editors, columnists, poets, reviewers, critics, and commentators, with a baggage of ideas, and a somewhat dubiously acquired subscription list—left Vesey Street for good and all, and in three months launched *The Saturday Review of Literature,* which was the old *Literary Review* come of age, more humorous, more literary, broader in scope, better looking, but with the same will to further the cause of good thinking, good feeling, good writing, and good books.

New York and American literature were growing fast. The real end of the nineteenth-century era was close at hand. We were fortunate in our nearly five years of existence to have learned the hard way in financial restriction and by youthful experiment what could and could not be done before the new age brought new con-



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flicts and new kinds of literature. I had shaken off some pedantic academicism, and no longer yearned to publish articles that only scholars could understand but almost no one, not even scholars, bothered to read. Much more important, our team had found their way to attics, studios, newspaper desks, Connecticut hilltops, and Greenwich Village hideouts, to libraries and universities, to selected minds in England, Ireland, France, and Germany, and recruited knowledge, perception, and good writing, often where no critical writing had ever been done before. They came with us. I do not suppose that the Saturday edition of the *Post* in the New York area, which carried with it *The Literary Review,* ever had more than fifty or sixty thousand circulation, to which we added eight to ten thousand from our national, independent distribution. But we seemed to have found the right minds for our appeal, and they followed us to our new office uptown, above a factory, with floors reverberating from the machinery below in a new rhythm of a new age.

But most important and most interesting of all, we had lived intensely in what I have called a brief golden age of American writing before the boom and the burst and the preliminaries of war. We had become part of that literary scene which I still think was the first classical pausing moment of perfected art and summary achievements since the great days of the 1850's. And we had experienced what never can happen twice with the same excitement, an initiation into the curious swirl of the literary life around a young and creative magazine.

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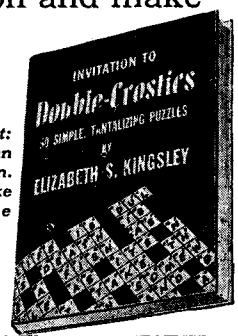

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A Near Lynching

INDIAN PAUL. By John Moore. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 159 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WALTER HAMMOND

THIS short dramatic novel opens on the morning after Labor Day in a small resort town on the Straits of Mackinac. An end-of-summer drowsiness lies over the place, but when Indian Paul is found in his shack staring at the murdered body of his mother, the town comes to a feverish life. People stream over the shore road and through the woods. They seize the silent Indian, carry him back to town, and lock him in the empty jail.

Very quickly a violence is in the soft September air. The men of the town, fired by a few drinks of bar whiskey, start out to execute a lawless justice. Only the sanity and manhood of the village doctor prevent them from breaking into the jail and lynching the prisoner.

The violence is smothered but not extinguished. Like muskeg fire in the northern woods it can run underground and break out in unguarded places. It breaks out after midnight in the ugly impulses of four fifteen-year-old boys.

Mr. Moore's narrative is weak at its crucial point. There is too little difficulty—in fact there is no difficulty at all—in the execution of the boys' plans. They find the jail not only deserted but unlocked. They find the key on a nail beside the cell door and the prisoner soundly sleeping. They carry him away as easily and almost as casually as though they were playing cops and robbers on a street corner. That the final violence comes about in another manner than they planned is a tardy assertion of reality that has seemed suspended throughout the Indian's abduction.

"Indian Paul" is a tight little story with important sociological and psychological implications. But as a narrative it is broken, jerky, made up of fragments. It suffers from failure to find a point of view which would carry us beneath the surface of events and provide a meaningful continuity of experience. Though the scene is tense with action there is little tension in the novel, and too many questions are left unanswered: Why did the Indian kill his mother? What goaded the men into their abortive attempt at violence? What impelled the boys to an act so contrary to the instincts of boyhood? And the narrative ends so abruptly that it left one reader wanting to know: How did the villagers think and feel after the sordid little drama was over?

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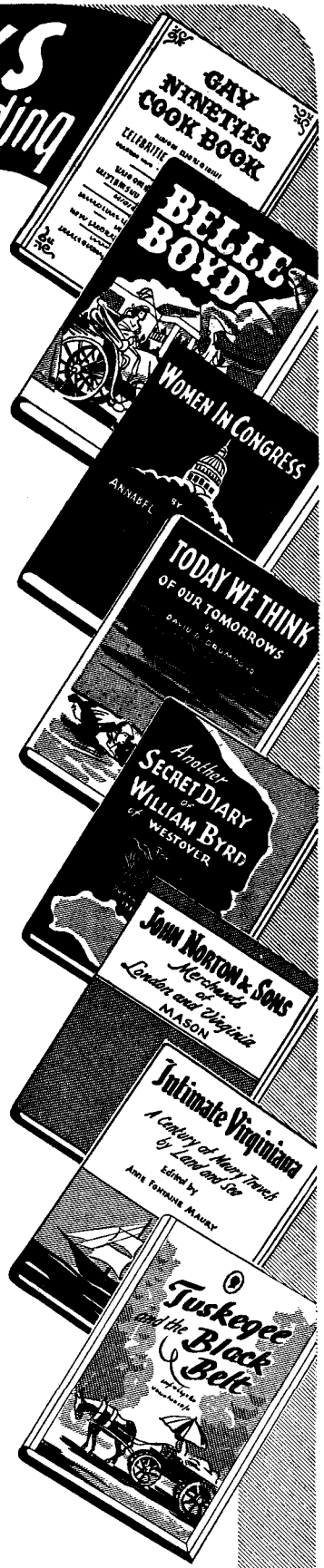
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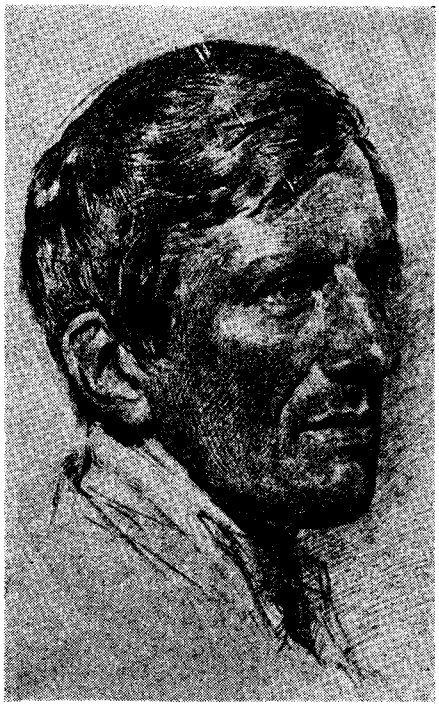

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War Generation

THREE DAY PASS. By Leslie Waller. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 190 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

PFC. LESLIE WALLER, aged twenty-two, is a young man with considerable, if somewhat precocious, talent. Whether or not he is, as the jacket claims, "the voice of Youth, 1945 model," is a debatable point. I should say, rather, that in this novel he speaks out loud and clear and with depressing realism for a segment of this war's generation—a group of young people emotionally at loose ends, mixed up, rebels against convention who, having "liberated" themselves, find that they have lost along with what they considered their shackles, a goodly portion of their moral and spiritual stability.

Mr. Waller's book deals with a young soldier on a three-day leave before he is to go overseas, and his girl, and how they spend the brief time that is theirs. They spend it mostly in an alcoholic fog, at bars from Greenwich Village to Harlem, in Washington Square and Central Park, in Village hot spots, with pick-ups on the subway, and finally in a dingy little hotel bedroom. The narrative is interspersed with James Joyceian and stream-of-consciousness passages and with long soliloquies which John Ryder, the young soldier, holds with himself trying to explain and resolve his feelings for The Girl whom he alternately loves, hates, admires, despises, believes, and doubts. John Ryder is the more credible of the two main characters. He is an essentially honest, honorably intentioned, bewildered young man who is trying to see himself plain and to stand alone, to identify himself as the conscious entity who is in the final analysis always alone and independent and free. The Girl seems to me extremely stylized and artificial.

Mr. Waller's youth betrays him, not in his literary style, which is expert and articulate if occasionally reminiscent of two or three other people, nor his perception, which is accurate and acute, but in, shall we say, a lack of mature judgment, an uncertainty which the reader cannot feel is wholly due to his endeavor to present graphically the uncertainty and confusion of his characters. There is also a lack of taste, a rather adolescent and naive prurience, an indelicacy which is often quite unnecessary. But Mr. Waller *is* young, and his promise is extraordinary. When his intellectual judgment and his taste catch up with his talent, as they probably will before he is much older, he will be a writer well worth watching.

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Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1945.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. R. Cominsky, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and addresses must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; E. L. DeGolyer, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Harrison Smith, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Lilian Grannon, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Leonard Bacon, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Rebecca Lowrie, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1945. Marjorie M. Wellman, Notary Public, Bronx County, Bronx County Clk's No. 71, New York County Clerk's No. 365. Commission Expires March 30, 1947.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE WITCH OF SCRAPFAGGOT GREEN

"OH, who is abroad on the moors tonight,
And who's abroad on the heath?
A creaking I hear in the floors tonight;
A shaking I feel underneath.

"I hear the wind where no wind should blow,
And sometimes I see queer sights . . .
Oh, Mother dear, I'm afeared to go
Out on the streets o' nights."

"Oh, the witch is abroad again, my child,
The Witch of Scrapfaggot Green—
As witchy a witch, as eerie and wild,
As any witch you've seen.

"Long, long ago, the records attest,
They burned her and buried her deep,
And planted a rock on top of her breast
To keep her forever asleep.

"She slept pretty well, by sun and by moon,
The Witch of Scrapfaggot Green,
Till someone last Saturday afternoon
Snagged her rock with his machine;

"And yesterday evening the church-bells rang,
And people heard strange singing,
But no one knew who 'twas that sang
Or who had done the ringing.

"The good vicar's geese escaped from their pens,
And Mrs. Riggs's rabbits
Were seen a-hatching eggs, like hens,
Quite alien to their habits.

"The squire's old books, all-adust for years,
Went jigging in their jackets;
Falstaff's picture was found in tears;
Parentheses changed to brackets.

"'Tis the Witch, my child, of Scrapfaggot Green,
Who's abroad on the heath and moors;
And what to do with this ghost ob-scene—
Well, my guess is better than yours:

"The rock must go back on her hectic breast,
The rock must go back on her bean,
Ere we shall have peace again, and rest
From the Witch of Scrapfaggot Green."

PAUL H. OEHSER.

The above is recommended for the evening of October 31, namely Hallowe'en! Mr. Oehser is with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. And here is another poet heard from:

The Editors of *Rime:* The Weakly Musemagazine,
25 West 45th Street,
New York 19, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I violently protest the unjust and vicious attack made by Rollo Rompers and Lilybud Murphy on "Uriel" and "Isophane" in the August 11 issue of your magazine. Slade Urlingham in his breath-taking and monumental "Uriel" has immortalized the epitome of his genius, while Watling Gainsborough's lines shape the poignant saga of "Isophane" for all time. How dare Rollo Rompers (with whose work I am unfortunately familiar) castigate the supreme, the millennium-making art of one whose cosmic consciousness resolves the synthesis without resorting to prestidigitation? On the other hand, Lilybud Murphy, whose own writing not only lacks synthesis but is synthetic to the point of being psychopathic, would not recognize a simple dictum of dichotomy if she saw it. As a matter of fact, there is no evidence of ambivalence in her work, and her method of calibrating the spectrum of experience wouldn't even hold water among the symbolists much less among the top-drawer metaphysicals. Paul Goodman exemplifies and clarifies what I'm getting at in his book "The Facts of Life"—from a strictly prose angle, of course.

Please rectify the wrong done to our two greatest living (or are they?) American poets or I shall instantly cancel my subscription to your magazine.

Yours sincerely in wounded pride,

DAPHNE DACTYL.

P.S. My own book, "The Metamorphosis of the Diphthong" (which incidentally just missed the Avery Slapgood Award by the narrow margin of 354 votes) is being brought out in the near future by the Bunk, Brag and Bore Press. Limited, autographed edition, by subscription only, $8.50. Orders now accepted.

* * *

Victor S. Yarros writes me from La Jolla, California:

The controversy over absolutism, authoritarianism, and obscurantism *vs.* relativism, reason, and humanism, in education continues to rage. In some academic circles, it seems, common sense and realism are asserting themselves, while in others there is strange talk about returning to religion—meaning dogma and superstition.

Please make another contribution to this stormy discussion by some up-to-date comments of your own, plus the publication, in very small type—to save space—of the One Hundred Great Books which, we are assured, contain the essentials of a sound education and a lofty philosophy. Many of your readers have not seen a list of these books, and would thank you for one. They would like to study it, and note the omissions as well.

Amy Loveman's recent compilation of book-titles, in this periodical [Aug. 18], seems fairly well to cover that ground.

* * *

Jane D. Wise writes me from New Rochelle, N. Y.:

I suppose a lot of people have sent you this, but maybe not. As far as I know it is by our good friend *Anon,* probably of English origin:

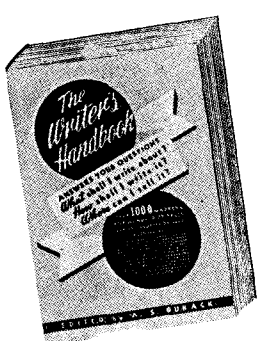
The codfish lays a million eggs
While the helpful hen lays one,
But the codfish never cackles
To tell the deed she's done,
And so the codfish coy we scorn
While the helpful hen we prize
Which indicates to thoughtful minds
It pays to advertise.

And indicates to me that Ian Serraillier, whose delightful book of poems I recently reviewed, took the same theme for one that I then quoted from him, concerning the hen and the carp!

* * *

Arthur Henley of Forest Hills demonstrates to me the power of another sort of Atomic Bomb. He wrote it some years ago as an exercise in Professor Gordon's poetry class at C. C. N. Y. The poem was graded "A."

A Stimulating Writers' Guide



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THE WRITER

Tense haunches propped upright upon
a stool,
The window shade stretched tight to
mask the real,
Door shut, the quiet hovers like a knife
About to slice the teeming thoughts in
two;
The pencil poised, or keys at home, a
flash
Of insight strikes with crackling im-
pulse, while
The writer writes; and then no more
alone.
Words glow and fade while inspiration
swells
And widens, grows intense, and sharp-
ly spurns
A preposition, seeks a cognate clause,
And, skipping letters, flings its shadow
on
The dusking paper in a lusty, mad
Emotion; walls resound and windows
crash
And tumble round, and fury's nervous
noise
Reverberates; the wind wails wild and
roars
In tantrums; crumbling waves come
pounding on
The door and flood the floor; tombs
yawn, crack wide,
Give up their dusty dead: the writer
writes.

Well, we're all made up of atoms,
aren't we?

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(*Continued from page* 91)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

BEFORE I had received the *SRL* or a note from the office explaining the lack of consonance between definitions and diagram in No. 599, two letters came from puzzlers apprising me of the mixup, and more have since arrived. The error occurred in the office despite the meticulous care exercised by our reader, engaged now by the *SRL* to go over the DC's before they get to the printer, and when time permits to proofread them, too. The office caught it, they wrote me, after 9,000 copies had been printed, so that puzzlers included in the later mailing were oblivious of the consternation caused. The copy I consulted in the College Library the Monday morning following was OK. The reactions on the whole thus far in letters received have been encouraging. You accepted the challenge to supplant the diagram with one of your own from the definitions, numbers, and letters furnished, and you seemed to enjoy the novelty. Etna M. Kelley, N. Y., enters a diatribe of her own against our carelessness and suggests employment of the very sort of expert we now use. Anne Coppinger, N. Y., concludes with "Perhaps you will give us an occasional diagram of this sort from now on. It would please, I am sure, those of us who like their DC's difficult." C. H. Hurd, Librarian, Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tenn., worked it out in the usual time and declares: "No. 599 proves that the diagram is not essential." John Newberry writes cheerfully: "As we turn another century (No. 599) on this interesting note, I send you my word of rejoicing for the added attraction which turned up.—Undaunted I went ahead and made my own diagram, then proceeded to fill in the quotation and mark barriers between words as I went along. I must say it was great fun and for a certainty added novelty and zest to the usual form." Finally, Richard L. Sloss, winding up his effusion "with sincere admiration and gratitude" goes one step further and happily finds in the mistake a theme for his Muse:

Last week's affair we well may call
The most unkindest cut of all
That have been visited on you
By those who print *The Sat. Review.*
The diagram and definitions,
Although from separate compositions,
Were blended in unholy wedlock.
I need my weekly DC diet
And when it fails I start a riot;
But who can keep an addict down?
I still can claim a victor's crown—
I worked it on the unkeyed system;
The "crutches"? Why, I hardly missed 'em.
I feel I've scaled an Alpine summit—
Did any others overcome it?
And my unquenchable devotion
To you is boundless as the ocean.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 603

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 89 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Irish political leader (1872-1922).

B. Audile (Comp.)

C. Not in the beaten track (Comp.)

D. Experiencing a new birth.

E. A hustler (Slang; comp.)

F. American author, critic, educator (1878-).

G. Member of warlike sect of purists in Arabia who preach a return to the Koran and Mohammed.

H. Policy of a government bent on recovering lost territory (Fr.)

I. Sere; withered.

J. To commit excesses or follies (3 wds.)

K. A blotch.

L. Egyptian name of sensational German explorer and politician in Africa, murdered by Arabs (1840-92).

M. The Mercury of the Gauls (Celtic Relig.)

N. Title and heroine of comedy by Aristophanes (411 B. C.)

O. English journalist, novelist, etc. (1873-; "Gallions Reach," 1927).

P. An earth-covered lodge of the Navaho Indians.

Q. A religious recluse or solitary.

R. Seldom happening.

S. That draws back (said of a muscle).

T. American warbler bird with dome-shaped nest placed on the ground.

U. The forward end of an aircraft (Aeronautics).

V. Shining faintly.

W. British Labor Party leader, M.P., and member of the new Cabinet.

X. Fifth piano concerto by Beethoven.

WORDS

130 46 157 134 115 110 53 82

71 41 140 87 136 23 28 114 52

169 94 19 74 121 161 131 98 68 179 10

51 27 108 16 34 158

73 100 139 153 178 66 88 15

69 25 81 125 80

3 64 8 50 113 83 31

101 166 154 141 62 123 30 120

126 111 172 117 21 45 65

55 133 44 105 1 118 119 79 37 72

39 84 75 171 160 20

61 63 86 78 24 122 145 48 162

151 144 58 165

96 152 6 36 43 135 70 175 143 22

7 67 137 103 11 35 107 54 90

60 2 38 5 147

13 180 49 97 56 132 124

167 156 10 163 173 93 106 18 142 40

127 148 164 109 95 4 9 57 29

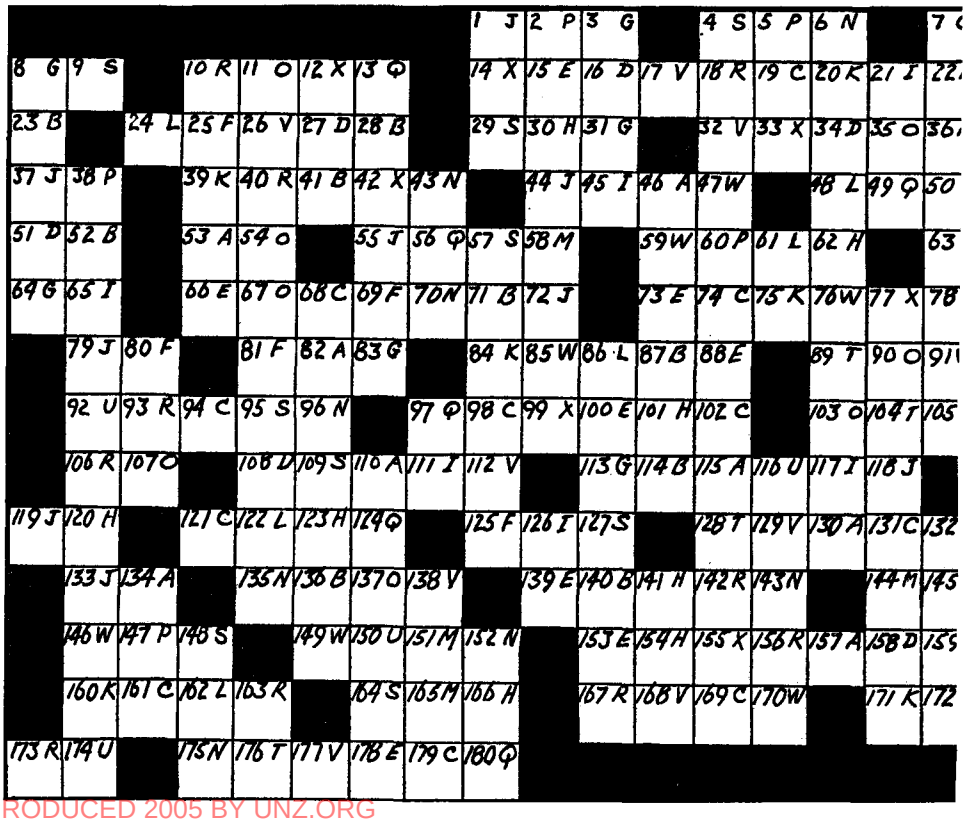
89 176 104 128

150 116 174 92

177 112 26 129 32 17 138 168

159 85 47 91 170 59 146 149 76

155 99 14 77 12 33 42



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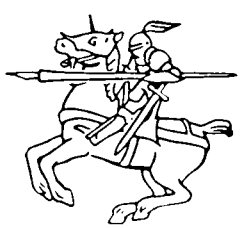

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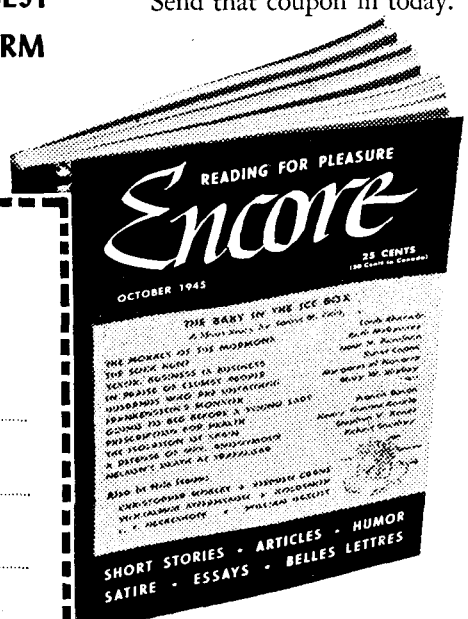

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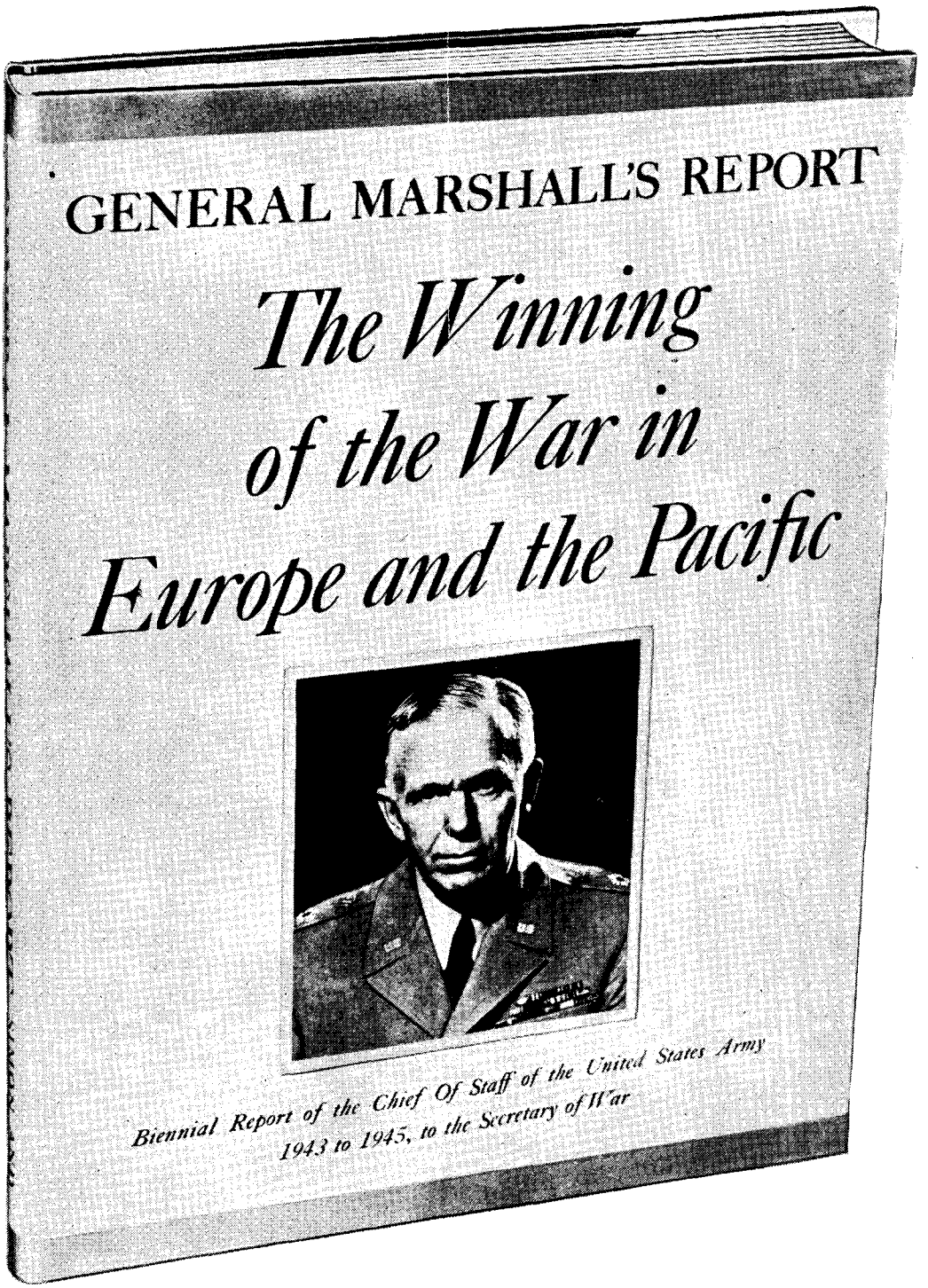
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